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E X I L I U S :

O R,

The Banish'd R O M A N.

P A R T II.

B O O K I.

S C I P I A N A had scarce finished her Discourse, when one of her Women entered her Chamber, all surprized, telling her, that according to her Ladyship's Commands, she had been to visit the poor Youth *Almon*, to see that he had all Things necessary for a Person indisposed with Sicknefs: But coming into his Chamber, (said she) I found him sleeping, and the Clothes fallen a little from his Stomach; by which Means I discover'd the perfect Beauties of a Virgin Breast. This surprizing Information made the two Ladies run to assure themselves of the Truth of this Adventure. The Lights, and Noise of their coming, awaked the poor *Almon*;

VOL. II. A who,

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who, all blushing, half died with Confusion.

It is in vain, *Almon*, (said *Scipiana*) to endeavour to hide from us your being a Woman; nor be afflicted or affrighted at our Knowledge of it, but assure yourself of all the Service we can render you in that State; therefore, if it be not inconvenient to you, or too great a Fatigue to your weak Spirits, acquaint us with the Cause of this your Transformation. Wherefore *Almon*, with much Respect and Modesty, thus related his own Case.

THE HISTOR Y OF *Almon, or Cordiala.*

BE not surpris'd, Ladies, (said *Almon*,) when I tell you, that under this Disguise is hid the unfortunate *Cordiala*, formerly the supposed Daughter of *Flavia*, Widow to *Camillus*, with whom I lived all the Days of my Childhood, and knew no other but that I was her proper Daughter. And is it possible (said *Clelia* interrupting her)

her) that I could behold those lovely Features, and not immediately remember the fair Charmer, that captivated the Hearts of all our *Roman* Gallants. I now perfectly call to mind those Beauties with which I had the Happiness to be acquainted at *Rome*; so, embracing her most tenderly, begg'd her to proceed.

Having attained to the Age of Fifteen, (said *Cordiala*) *Flavia*, my supposed Mother, with much Prudence, proposed a Marriage between me and her Nephew *Clodius*; but great was my Aversion to the loose, or rather lewd Life of *Clodius*, that I could not possibly comply with her Commands, or his Desires, tho' he made his Addresses to me with all the Gallantry and Assiduity proper on such an Occasion. I know not whether my ill Genius inspired me, or my hard Fate commanded me, but I could not in the least gain upon my Inclinations in Favour of *Clodius*. This displeased *Flavia*, my pretended Mother, that she not only absolutely commanded, but threatened to discard me, if I did not make my Will comply with hers, in marrying *Clodius*. In Conclusion, my Resistance caused her to drive me from her Presence, forbidding me ever to see her more, without a Resolution to obey her in this her just and honourable Command, the Marrying her Nephew. This Treatment, instead of soften-

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ing me towards *Clodius*, increased my Disgust, and what was before only a Disesteem of his loose Character, became now an absolute and thorough Aversion. Thus my unlucky Constellations and ill Genius conspired to engage my Disobedience to make an indiscreet Resolution, or, rather, a rash Vow, never to marry *Clodius*, he being the Author of my Mother's great Anger; tho', at the same time, I was ignorant what to do, and destitute of all Consolation, but what I received from solitary Sighs and Tears.

Whilst my Thoughts were thus in Agitation, *Flavia's* Woman came to me, and told me, I should be for ever miserable, if I persisted to resist her Lady's Will: For, said she, I will tell you a Thing which is an absolute Secret to all but my Lady and myself. Then be pleased to know, Madam, (continued she) that you are not Daughter to *Flavia* and *Camillus*, as the World believes you to be; for soon after the Death of *Camillus* your supposed Father, his little Daughter *Cordiala* died also: and *Camillus* and his Daughter being dead, and his Brother *Catullus* banished, his Estate of course would have fallen into the Hands of the Senate. Now, Madam, (continued she) take it not ill that I do tell you this secret Truth, You are Daughter to that Woman who nursed my Lady's Daughter, Foster-

The Banish'd ROMAN. 5

Foster-Sister to her *Cordiala*, whom my Lady finding very pretty, and (as we fancy'd) a little like her own Child, bribed the Nurse to say it was her Child that died; so my Lady took you as her proper Daughter, and always tender'd you accordingly; and now would make you happy, in marrying you to her Nephew, who is her lawful Heir. So that, if you refuse this Marriage, she is obliged in Conscience to declare the Truth of your Original, rather than defraud her Nephew of what belongs to him by Right of Inheritance. And now, Madam, since you know the Case, I hope Gratitude and your own Interest will oblige you to a ready Compliance with my Lady's Commands.

Whatever Gratitude and Interest may excite me to, (said I) I know not; but I am sure Justice and Generosity teaches me to refuse what belongs not to me; wherefore the Knowledge I have of my low Birth obliges me to refuse *Clodius*, as being altogether unworthy of that Honour. So that if I cannot keep my Lady's Favour, but by unworthy and indirect Means, I must submit to whatsoever hard Fortune the Gods have allotted me. In short, *Flavia* wholly discarded me; by which Means I was reduced to the Necessity of seeking a Livelihood.

Now it was that *Asbella* had taken her Resolution to leave *Rome*, and retire to her Estate in *Sicily*; and wanting a Woman to go along with her, I offered myself, being desirous to quit *Rome*, where I had lived in so much Splendour; and she retiring with a Pretence of leading a virtuous recollected Life, I thought I could not propose to myself a happier Way of Subsistence.

Thus we took our Voyage for *Sicily*, where I enjoy'd as much Happiness as I could hope for in that Rank or Station of Life, 'till *Valerius* (*Asbella's* Son) came, and with him *Clarinthia*, whom they kept there secretly in Restraint. I will not digress so, as to tell your Ladyships her Story (extraordinary as it is) at least, not at this Time, but go on with my own: I was appointed to wait on *Clarinthia*, whose sweet Humour made it a very agreeable Employment, excepting the Pain I had for fear she should know me; but she having been some time in the Country, and I very young when she left *Rome*, I was grown out of her Remembrance. Nevertheless, she was pleased to confide in me, so far as to relate to me all the Cause and Circumstances of her Sufferings; which made me add Pity to this Esteem which her Merits had grafted in my Soul, and wished with all my Heart I could have been serviceable to her in helping her to make her Escape;

but

but that lay not in my Power. However, so it was, she got away, by what Means I know not; but *Asbella* believing me to be the Author, or, at least, Coadjutor of her Flight, in a violent Rage turned me out of Doors, without the least Consideration to what Misery she expos'd me, a poor unfortunate Stranger, who knew not the Language of the Country, nor which way to direct my Steps: Moreover, it was Evening when her Anger obliged her to this Act of Severity. I got into an adjacent Wood, where I soon wander'd myself weary, and out of my Knowledge, without Hopes of Town or House, wherein to shelter or repose myself, so that I was forced to lodge under an aged Oak, making its mossy Root my Pillow, and its Boughs my Canopy. Thus was I, poor Maid, expos'd to the Weather and Wild Beasts, or perhaps my Youth a Prey to lewd Outlaws, who inhabit those Woods in great number. It pleas'd the Gods to send the former of these Sorts of Enemies, which, in part, I may suppose, secur'd me from the latter more dangerous Assailants; for it thunder'd, lighten'd, and rain'd so violently, that no living Creature that had a Den or Hole to creep into, would be abroad that stormy Night; nevertheless, I, poor Creature, remain'd all the Night, trembling and frighted at every Clap of Thunder, ready to sink, and

wish'd myself in my Grave at every Flash of Lightning. At last, I saw just before me a great Oak rent in a thousand Pieces, and burnt with the Lightning; which dreadful Spectacle, with the Noise that accompanied it, cast me to the Ground, quite bereaved of Sense, where I lay 'till Morning, and then, a little recovering, I found myself so numbed and loaded with my wet Clothes, that I had much ado to go along. I came to that Side of the Wood which runs along the Sea-Coast, where I had not gone many Paces, but I found a Suit of Man's Apparel, which lay so well cover'd under a great Cloak, that the Clothes were not at all wet. In these Clothes I array'd myself, without considering the Decency or Indecency of the Place or Action; my present Distress making me postpone all such little Difficulties, and entertain no Considerations but such as were favourable to my Necessities.

Thus being eased of my wet Habit, I walked indifferently well along the Sea-Coast, 'till I came to a Port where many Ships lay in Harbour. Here I submitted myself to be hired for a Mariner, where I used my utmost Endeavours to perform my Duty: but, alas! my Weakness, as well as Ignorance, made them soon weary of my Service; so that after much Cursing and Swearing, they set me on Shore in *Sardinia*.

Here

Here I was reduced to the last Degree of Necessity, not knowing which way to direct my Steps, nor whom to address.

A little Way distant from the Port where I was set on Shore, is a Temple of *Apollo*; a very stately Fabrick, with an adjacent House of Holy Priests, Votaries to that God. Here I went, in order to make my Devotion, and to obtain some Assistance, or, at least, Advice, from those pious Recluses. It happen'd to be a very solemn Festival among them, it being the Day on which they commemorated that God's being taken up into Heaven, after his long Servitude of having been Herdsman to King *Admetus*. Here I got into the Musick-Loft, or Tribune, where being many Instruments as well as Voices, wherewith to celebrate that Day's Sacrifice, amongst these I took one, and assisted so tolerably well, that the Priests took me into their House, and treated me very kindly, making me sing, and discourse of the Science of Musick, in which I pleased them so well, (the Priests of *Apollo* being all great Musicians) that they were willing to take me in as a Probationer, in order to become one of their holy Fraternity. I was almost non-plus'd what Answer to make; but present Necessity being the imperious Mistress that will be first served, obliged me to accept of their kind Offer, and so resolved to

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stay with them, at least for some time, 'till I could study or turn myself some other Way, more suitable to my Sex and Education. Here I improved that little Talent I had of Singing and Musick, learn'd all the Ways and Rules of those holy Votaries; and found so much Happiness and Tranquility in that Kind of Life, that if it had been compatible with my Sex, I should have preferr'd it before all others, and have supplicated most earnestly to have been admitted into their holy Society.

Here I passed many Months, 'till the Time began to approach, in which I must initiate myself a Member of these holy Recluses, or leave the House totally; one was hard, and the other impossible. Sometimes I thought to cast myself at the Feet of the High-Priest, and discover my Grief and Necessity to him; but then again, I knew the Crime I had committed, in living thus in Disguise among them, would be thought very enormous, if not unpardonable; so, whether out of Cowardice or Modesty, I know not, but I could not furnish myself with Assurance enough to declare these my hard Circumstances.

An Accident, which is a little particular, I cannot omit. There was near this holy Confraternity, a certain House, wherein lived their Steward, or chief Servant, who
took

took care of all their external Concerns; a very discreet Man, who had gathered much Riches, and had Possessions of Pastures, Corn, and Cattle. This good Man had only one fair Daughter, Heiress of his Substance: She was sought after by all the rich Swains of those Parts; but the unfortunate Maid took an Affection to me. This made her refuse their Addresses, and those her Father made on their Behalf. I will not repeat the several Advances and innocent Efforts she made; for I being a Person not engaged in their Rule of Living, was sent abroad on divers Occasions, so I was very often at this House, with this pretty Maid, whose Vertue engaged me to a particular Love and Esteem for her; she and her Mother always treating me extream kindly with their rural Delicacies, Creams, Tarts, Sweet-meats, and the like: She frequently took occasion to hint her Affection to me, which I endeavour'd to avoid, or not understand; 'till one Day, being set with her in a pleasant Arbour, she was rallying and talking against Love and Marriage, which was often the Theme of her Discourse; I suppose, partly to justify her refusing those Offers of Marriage, so proper and fitting, that no Exception could be made; and partly to introduce that Entertainment in a modest manner, the innocent Affection she had for me, rendering

that Discourse pleasing to her. 'Tho' thereby she shew'd her Want of Education, and Ignorance of the World; for our *Roman Gallants* take it for a certain Mark of Love, when a young Lady rallies or banters a young Gentleman on that Subject: and count it an Invitation to Courtship, or a transparent Mask, thro' which they see she has a mind to be marry'd. But this pretty Innocence knew none of these Sophisms, and therefore pursued the Dictates of her own Fancy; and, like Heaven, which often treats with Rigour its greatest Favourites, thereby to prove them, so she seem'd to condemn Love and Marriage, to try how far I would stand in its Defence. Wherefore, I would not baulk her Fancy, but let her catch the Discourse for which she laid a Trap, and oppos'd all the little Harangues she made against *Cupid* and *Hymen*; and with due Respect and Veneration asserted the Greatness of their Power, the Happiness of their Votaries, the Inevitableness of falling under their Jurisdiction; therefore, perswaded her to make Vertue comply with Necessity, and submit her Inclinations to her Father's wise Election, and take for an Husband one of those her rich and honest Lovers recommended by her Father. Alas! *Almon*, (reply'd she, with a Look over-charged with Tenderness) had Heaven made you one of those!

and

and so fainted away, her Spirits being overcome with Shame and Confusion; for she was perfectly vertuous and modest. After some little Endeavours, she came to herself, and I led her in, where she betook herself to her Bed, I suppose, partly out of Indisposition, and partly out of Confusion, for having so far discover'd her Weakness. Whatever was the Cause, the Effect was an Affliction to me, and a sensible Augmentation of my Misfortunes, by reason that I truly loved her; for her Vertue had gained my Esteem, and her Kindness engaged my Gratitude. In fine, I found myself in a Labyrinth, thro' which I knew not how to direct my Steps. To reveal my Sex I was ashamed, nor indeed knew I to whom; for to this vertuous Maid it was in vain, she not being able to help me; to the High-Priest it was dangerous, fearing to be immured for having profaned that holy Place, by living so long there in Disguise; and to live there longer, was but to augment my Crime. How to discover myself, I knew not; to steal away, I durst not, or if I did, was ignorant which Way to dispose of this wretched Creature.

Thus I was very knowing in what could not be done, but what could or ought to be done surpassed my Capacity. Great were my Grievs, and tumultuous were my Thoughts: I reflected on my past Life,
but

but found nothing wherein I had so grossly
 *offended the Gods, as to render me thus
 the Object of their Anger. I called to mind
 my Disobedience to *Flavia*, as the worst
 of my Life's Actions ; but even in that I
 found a Mixture of Vertue ; for before I
 knew my own Meanness, I refused *Clodius*
 out of a Principle of Morality, he being a
 very loose irregular Liver ; and my Refu-
 sal afterwards proceeded from Justice, as
 knowing myself unworthy of his Quality.
 This made me think, that in disobeying
Flavia, I comply'd with the Will of the
 Gods, and accordingly hoped for their Pro-
 tection. But finding so great Severity, I
 began to grow prophane in my Thoughts,
 and almost concluded with the Atheists,
 that there were no such Beings ; but that
 our Fears and Necessities had created the
 Deities, and not they us : That our Weak-
 ness gave them Power, and our Want of
 Ability to avenge ourselves, caused us to
 set up those immortal Tribunals, to affright
 those with a future Punishment, which our
 impotent Anger could not make them feel
 at present : That all those Lectures taught
 by Philosophers and Divines, of Patience,
 Humility, and Resignation, and the Re-
 wards belonging to them, were but Words
 to bubble the Minds of the Poor, that they
 might let the Rich enjoy their Ease and
 Plenty without Opposition : They decry'd
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Self-Assassination, thereby to oblige the Poor to live, in spite of all their Wants, that the Rich might have some to serve their Sloth.

These and a thousand desperate Thoughts roll'd in my Breast, by which I found Poverty to be a greater Enemy to Vertue, than Riches: For if the Rich, in the Fullness of Riot, forget the Givers of those good Things; the Poor, in their Murmurs and Despair, affront their very Beings, as well as tax their Justice in the Distribution of their Blessings. All this I experienced in the midst of my Afflictions, in a solitary Grove at the Bottom of our Garden, where I was walking alone, without Friend to console or Patron to assist me: But propitious Heaven directed my Steps to a Chapel of *Diana's*: Here I humbled myself at the Feet of this Virgin-Goddes, endeavour'd to purge my Breast of those Murmurings tending to Despair, which my Misfortunes had there planted; and offered my Afflictions, Youth, and Innocence, to her Protection; and, with devout Aspirations, begged her to pity my Weakness, and support mine Innocence. As I thus lay in a most humble Posture before her, I know not whether Sleep overtook me, and with my flowing Tears seal'd my corporeal Eyes, or what else, I am ignorant, but I saw strange glorious Pageants of Victories, Triumphs,

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Triumphs, Countries won and lost, mighty
Heroes, and Heroick Actions; and after
all, I thought I saw a lovely Youth stand
by me, and sing these Words.

C'Ease, gentle Maid, yet cease to grieve,
Thy Goddess does thy Pray'rs receive,
And Providence will thee relieve.

*Those, who on Providence depend,
And patiently its Will attend,
Shall be rewarded in the End,*

*By Ways and Means least thought upon;
That Mortals may be forc'd to own
Their Help is from the Gods alone.*

*To Heaven's Fav'rites Grievs are sent,
To purify the Penitent,
And justify the Innocent.*

*The Ways of Heav'n are always good,
Tho' opposite to Flesh and Blood,
And are but seldom understood.*

*Then dry thy Eyes, and clear thy Brow;
All Africa to Thee shall bow,
So thy Good Genius tells thee now.*

This I should have taken for a mere
Dream, but that the Words were most
perfectly recorded in my Memory, which
must

must have been by some immortal Power ; moreover, one of the holy Priests walking in the Grove, heard the Singing, and came to the Chapel, where finding me, he concluded it to have been my Voice : all which made me suppose it something extraordinary : But the latter Words carrying with them so much Impossibility, that one may suppose them to proceed from some false or at least flattering Dæmon, rather than a God or one's Good Genius.

Excuse me, (said *Scipiana*) such good Lectures cannot proceed from an Infernal Teacher ; I can very well believe it to be thy Good Genius, which brought with him such Consolation and vertuous Instructions ; nor is there an Impossibility in what he sung touching *Africa* : Your Beauty and Vertues are certainly made to shine in some splendid Sphere ; for the all-wise Gods making nothing in vain, consequently such Merits are not to be bury'd in Obscurity, but to be instructive and exemplary to the World ; and I doubt not but those Divine Powers have sent thee hither, as a means to accomplish their eternal Will, and have given into our Hands the Power to agitate for thee, which shall be in this manner : My Cousin *Clelia* and I will recommend thee to our Kinswoman and Friend *Fabiel*, who is a great Princess in *Egypt*, where I doubt not but your Merits
may

may (at least in part) help you to accomplish this extraordinary Prediction. In all which a little Time shall instruct us; but at present proceed in your Story.

I must needs own (said *Cordiala*) that I found an inward Tranquility of Mind, tho' I saw no Prospect of any good Event, or Means to extricate myself from these Difficulties in which I was entangled. But propitious Heaven had pity on me, and sent a Deliverance least expected.

Fabius, your noble Brother, (bowing to *Clelia*) came into *Sardinia*, in Search of *Scipiana*; and having lost himself in the Night, by Chance arrived at this Place, where he was kindly entertained by these holy Priests. Here he was complaining for want of a Servant, being, by some Means or Accident deprived of those he brought with him from *Rome*, and was now destitute. These holy Priests, finding my Time of Probation almost expired, and that I made no Application to be received into their Fraternity, recommended me to this noble Person, as one faithful and diligent in any thing suitable to my Years and Capacity.

Behold, Ladies, how my hard Fortune toss'd me, from a Lady to a Waiting-Gentlewoman, thence to a miserable Vagabond, afterwards to a Mariner, then to a wretched Beggar, and after that to a

Cho-

Chorister; lastly, to a Serving-man. In this State I travel'd with my Master, the noble *Fabius*, 'till we came in sight of a great and magnificent Castle, standing in a large Park, inclosed with a high Wall. Here my Master had a great Curiosity to enter, and going on, he found a Breach in the Wall, over which he passed without much Difficulty, leaving me on the other Side with the Horses.

As *Cordiala* was about to go on with her Story, they heard a Noise of People coming up Stairs; and looking up, they saw *Asiaticus* enter the Chamber: but so fully were they possessed with the Belief of his being dead, that they could not credit their Senses, till Time and several Demonstrations convinced them that it was really he himself. But then the Joy which took possession of their Souls is not to be expressed, nor the interchangeable Caresses between him and his dear Sister not to be number'd, which held 'till the Consideration of making their Father Partaker of this vast Felicity, made them go to his Apartment, where their mutual Satisfaction were such, as no Hand can delineate; therefore I leave my Readers to their own Conjectures.

BOOK II.

NEXT Morning this happy Company rose early, and walked out into the Grove, to adore the Goddess *Aurora*, the Patroness of that Place and Family; who, as aforesaid, had a Chapel in that Grove, adjacent to the House. When they had performed their Sacrifice by way of Thanksgiving for the safe and unexpected Return of *Asiaticus*, they went to divert themselves in a cool Walk, during the Fresh of the Morning; and being in the great middle Alley, they met *Marcellus* and his Company, who were coming to present themselves to *Publius Scipio*.

Now, Reader, if thou hast ever been sensible of Love, that most generous and pleasing of all Passions, that dear Delight of human Souls, the Ease of Cares, and Accomplishment of Felicity, thou may'st perhaps have some Conjecture or Idea of this happy Meeting, and some Guess at what Transports seiz'd the Hearts of this illustrious Company. The Gods themselves, no doubt, were ravished to behold these Joys, which rival'd even the Happiness

ness of their Heaven, *Asiaticus* embracing his dear *Clarinthia*, *Exilius* at the Feet of his charming *Scipiana*, *Marcellus* making his tender Complaints to his amiable *Clelia*, every one in a pleasing Surprise, every one amaz'd at his own Happiness; which Happiness was doubled by the Participation of their Friend's Felicity, and each one happy in Excess.

The first Efforts of these Transports being over, they began to understand and reflect on their several Mistakes, which had in some Degree caused, or, at least, augmented their Misfortunes. *Clarinthia*, in not having known the Stranger *Lysander*, (till now) to be the noble *Asiaticus*, or rather the lovely *Scipio*; for under that Name in their tender Years were their Hearts united, which no Change of Place or Fortune had Power to separate. *Exilius* was surprized to see *Scipiana* not married to the King of *Egypt*, (as he concluded) but totally divorced from him, not only in Person but Affections: But above all, *Marcellus* had the greatest Difficulty to obtain Belief from *Clelia* of his Innocence. However, out of Respect to the Company, they defer'd their Dispute 'till a fitter Opportunity.

Then seating themselves, *Clarinthia* and *Scipiana* were both impatient to know the Adventures of *Asiaticus*, and how he had escaped

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escaped those Deaths which had cost them so many Tears ; what Countries or Regions had been happy in his Presence, whilst they lamented his Absence ; what Conquests his Arms had made, and how often captivated by the Eyes of the Fair ; what Diversions and what Sufferings. In all which he gratified their Desires, as you will hereafter find.

THE HISTORY OF ASIATICUS.

I Must beg Leave of the Company (said *Asiaticus*) to retrograde my Discourse to the Time of my Childhood, which I cannot pass over in Silence, it being the happiest of my Days ; for then it was that the fair *Clarinthia* and I became united in our Inclinations, not to say Affections, on which is founded my whole Life's Felicity. Then it was, that I esteemed every Thing that she liked, and she approved whatsoever I commended ; and this according to the Dictates of our natural Innocence ;

nocence; for we had never studied the Documents of Complaisance, nor knew we how to flatter any body's Fancy, and disoblige our own. Our Words were as unstudied as our Looks, both were without Artifice; we neither knew how to feign a Sigh, in a fit Season, nor constrain it when ready to take Birth; but free as Air, and soft as the Breezes of *Zephyrus*, when he ushers in the Spring: Our Smiles were the Offspring of our Thoughts, and our Vows were unsophisticated Truths. Thus we sung the wild Notes of our Love, unconstrain'd by present Cares, or future Fears, and with as pleasing Harmony (at least to ourselves) as if we had been long Students, or even Graduates in *Cupid's* Schools. But, alas! how short and transient is human Happiness! I was had away to *Athens*, there to make my Studies amongst the rigid and austere Philosophers, whose Doctrine and Practice is directly opposite to this soft Passion: But notwithstanding all their sage Instructions, I forgot not the Lectures I had read in *Clarithia's* fair Eyes, nor the Documents I had received from her innocent Smiles, but had no Means nor Opportunity to testify this my Constancy; for all Intercourse of that Kind was prohibited, and our Masters so vigilant over us, that it was impossible to steal any Occasion of Correspondence, during

during my Residence there; and afterwards my being engaged in the publick Affairs, and *Clarinthia's* being in the Country under the too vigilant Eyes of her Father and *Valerius*, was the Cause that I never saw or heard from her, 'till her distressed Cries called me to her Rescue. You may remember, dear Sister, (said he to *Scipiana*) that I left you at the Side of a Forest, to go succour a distressed Person, which proved to be this fair Lady, (bowing to *Clarinthia*) and having slain the Wretch that offered her the Outrage, I covered his dead Body with my Cloak, which was the Reason that *Fidelius* believed it to be me which there lay slain, and accordingly misinformed you; whilst I, in the mean time, was gone with *Clarinthia* to a certain Retreat of an Hermit in those Woods, where the Wound I had detain'd me some Days, notwithstanding *Clarinthia's* being carry'd away, which at first this holy Hermit did not let me know; and afterwards his Kindness constrained me, 'till I was in a Condition to leave him without Danger, concealing me faithfully and effectually, notwithstanding all the Search and Enquiry that was made after me, as the Murderer of *Turpius* and the Ravisher of *Clarinthia*. As soon as I could get Leave of this holy Man, and the Chyrurgeon whom he employ'd, I dispatch'd to go after *Clarinthia*,
whose

whose Beauty had now made such an Impression, as I knew could never be effaced; and indeed nothing but her Charms could have removed me from my good Hermit, whose excellent Conversation and holy Way of living begot in me a very great Contempt for the Things of this Life. I changed my Name, and disguised my Person, thereby to avoid the Malice of *Turpius's* Friends, and the Kindness of my own; both which I knew would obstruct my Enterprize, though by different Methods.

After I had made all proper and diligent Enquiry in those Parts, without Effect, I remember'd that *Turpius* had some Relations at *Carthage*, which made me resolve to go thither, thinking *Clarinthia* might be retired there, to avoid the present Shock of the Senate's Displeasure. Thus passing by the Coast of *Sicily*, we saw a Man on Shore, who call'd and beckon'd to us to take him in; which we endeavoured to do, but the Water was so shallow, and our little Boat tossed, that we could not possibly get near him; wherefore he stripped himself, and came swimming to us. 'Tis certain, (said *Scipiana*, interrupting him) it was this Man's Clothes in which *Cordiala* array'd herself: But pardon, Brother, my interrupting you, and be pleased to proceed. This Man, (said

26 EXILIUS; or,

Astaticus,) proved to be my good Servant *Fidelius*, whose Presence much rejoiced me; but the Information of your being lost, became an inexpressible Affliction. His Arrival being in the Evening, we failed not that Night, but lay there at Anchor, near the Coast of *Sicily*. Next Morning it was, that, by the wonderful Providence of the Gods, we found *Clarinthia*, in whose charming Conversation I passed that Day, in the most vertuous Transports that ever the God of Love bestow'd on faithful Votaries: For there it was that she was pleased to assure me of her everlasting Love, and promised to use her Interest with the Senate to confirm the Donation. But ah! the Mutability of human Happiness, a cruel Storm arose, which wreck'd our Vessel, and separated the most faithful of all Lovers. I was driven by the Violence of the Waves against a Rock, on which there was a Tree, whose Branches bow'd down to the Sea, by which I was caught by the Hair, and by that Means secured from Drowning. Here I hung many Hours, 'till the Storm ceasing, some poor Fishermen came and deliver'd me from that miserable Dependence. At first I was destitute of all Sense; but when I came to myself, how did I accuse my cruel Stars, that had preserved my Life without leaving me Hopes of *Clarinthia's* Safety. Passing on, we saw one riding on a
Piece

The Banish'd ROMAN. 27

Piece of the Mast, who had escaped the Wreck, whom taking up, we found to be *Fidelius*. He informed me how this Piece of the Mast had stuck amongst those Boughs which bow'd down from the Rock, 'till the Storm ceas'd, and the Wind veer'd about to another Point, and help'd his wooden Horse out of that Entanglement. He also inform'd me how he had disposed *Clarinthia* on a Plank, and committed her to the Sea; which Means of Escape had so little Appearance of Safety, that I abandon'd myself to Despair, and would have leap'd into the Sea, there to have sought an Eternity with my *Clarinthia*, but that *Fidelius* and the Fishermen with-held me, and by Constraint brought me safe a-shore in *Numidia*. Here we searched all Towns, Ports, and Passages, in Hopes to find or hear of her alive or dead; but all in vain, inso-much that I became absorp'd in the Gulph of Grief and Despair.

Being in the great *Numidian* Forest, I desir'd *Fidelius* to leave me, and return to his Friends and native Country, and not waste his Youth with a Wretch like me, who am resolved (said I) to spend the Remainder of my woful Days amongst the wild Inhabitants of this vast Forest. Leave then, *Fidelius*, this thy unhappy Master; and may the Gods reward thy Vertue and Fidelity. But *Fidelius* was deaf to these

28 EXILIUS; *or,*

my Persuasions, and vow'd he would never leave me, whatever he suffered with me; and that he should deem himself happier in those Woods to enjoy my Presence, than in a Palace without me; to which Resolution he was ty'd by Inclination as well as Duty. To which I returned many Arguments fit to persuade on such an Occasion, but he remained inflexible; that in the End I became angry, and told him that his Kindness was troublesome; and therefore charged him, on Obedience, to leave me, or expect to be the Object of my high Displeasure: At which, the poor Youth open'd his Breast, and told me, that since he was become troublesome, he neither desired nor deserved to live: Therefore, said he, in Recompence of past Services, which sometimes were agreeable to you, honour me so far as to let me die by your Hands: At which I embraced him, telling him, his Love and Generosity obliged me to love him as a Friend or Brother, and as such he should remain with me, and no longer in Quality of a Servant; so' charged him from thenceforth to lay aside all such Distinction, and behave himself to me as his Friend and Equal. Thus we took up our Being in those Woods, wandering all Day by the Sea-side, and at Night repos'd ourselves on our Mother-Earth, one of us being obliged to watch
whilst

whilst the other slept, for fear of the wild Beasts, with which those Woods abound.

One Morning early our Ears were saluted with the Noise of Hunting; to which we listen'd not long, e'er we saw a Panther pursued by a Lady on Horseback; but the Horse making a false Step, threw the Lady: the Panther, perceiving his Advantage turn'd upon her; but she with admirable Agility getting against a Tree, with her Spear defended her beauteous Person to Admiration. But I saw she could not long maintain the Combat; wherefore I ran to her Assistance, and soon dispatch'd the Beast; for which Service she returned me innumerable Thanks and Acknowledgments. In the mean time, there hastened to us all the Company of Hunters, who by their Carriage towards her, soon made me understand she was the Princess *Galecia*, the Queen's Daughter. She was pleas'd (which much Goodness) to invite me along with her, nor would accept of any Excuse or Denial. When we came to Court, she presented me to her Mother, the Queen-Regent, (for the King was in Minority) and told her Majesty the great Danger she had been in, and how deliver'd by me. The Queen received me with much Courtesy, and obliged me to stay at Court, to rest and recreate myself, which I did out of Obedience to her Majesty; for, alas!

my poor Heart was not susceptible of any Delight or Satisfaction, though the Court abounded with all manner of Divertisements that might gratify the young King or the Princess. But chiefly Hunting was there very much used, for the Pleasure of the Princess, who delighted in that robust Recreation. Nor had this dangerous Accident at all discouraged her, but she would pursue a Panther, Leopard, Wolf, or wild Boar, with as much Courage and Vigour, as any about her. She was a Lady of a masculine Spirit, and undervalued the little Delicacies of her Sex, making the Study of Philosophy and the Laws of her Country her chief Business, in which she was pleased sometimes to entertain me very learnedly. Her Person was extremely agreeable; for tho' she was very tall of Stature, and somewhat of an *African* Complexion, nevertheless the exact Symmetry of Parts and fine Features rendered her equal to the most complete *European* Beauty; and as an Addition to these Perfections, she was of a Disposition sweet and compassionate, which excited her to examine the Cause of that Melancholy with which she saw me oppressed; and when I had discovered to her my Affliction, and related my Grief in the Loss of my *Clarinthia*, she endeavoured to console me with all the discreet and salutary Arguments proper

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per on such an Occasion. She being thus become not only my Friend, but my particular Confident, she gave me several Opportunities to entertain her on this Subject, which occasioned Envy in all the Court, and not only so, but Jealousy in her Lover, *Boccus*, Prince of *Mauritania*, who was then in the *Numidian* Court, in Pursuance of that Marriage with her, already agreed on between those two Crowns. But this heroick Temper of hers, which raised her Thoughts above the usual Pitch of her Sex, made her scorn to be a Subject of *Cupid's* Empire, or to comply with feminine Formalities; but had rather lead an Army in the Field, and endure the Fatigues and Danger of War, than enjoy the Happiness of lazy Peace and Court Pastimes. Moreover, she had a great Unwillingness to leave *Numidia*, a Country nearer *Europe*, and consequently more polished, and adorned with *European* Customs than *Mauritania*, which lies farther distant from that Fountain of Riches, Learning, and Good Manners. These Considerations made her protract the Marriage as long as she could possibly; which, joined with the Kindness and Esteem with which she treated me, gave Occasion to that Suspicion in the Prince her Lover, as aforementioned. Nor was he the only Person so concerned; but the Queen also found

great Cause of Discontent, her Majesty having contracted some Thoughts towards me, more tender than consisted with her Quiet; which she testified on all Occasions that Modesty and her Royal Dignity would permit, couched in double or ambiguous Terms, such as might pass for Love, Friendship, or Esteem. Against which I closed the Eyes of my Understanding, and would never comprehend the real Meaning, as long as I could find any Shadow or Pretext for Ignorance, or a different Interpretation.

Now it was that the War between *Lybia* and *Numidia* broke out; and I, who thought no Place so suitable to my Inclinations and Misfortunes as the Army, disposed myself to go as a private Person. But the Queen, beyond my Expectation, confer'd on me the Honour of General, in Consideration that *Romans* are expert, brave, and fortunate; but I understood since, that the Princess had given her some secret Information of my Character and Quality, and her Majesty no doubt acquainted some of the Grandees of her Council, otherwise one could hardly suppose, that so great a Trust could have been given into the Hands of a Stranger, without Name, Title, or Quality, and that not only by the Queen's Donation, but by the
Consent

Consent and Approbation of the whole Council.

I will not repeat to you the Number of our Forces, or Manner of our Marches, Exercises, or particular Actions, that being a Discourse little agreeable to the Ladies. But in short, it was our good Fortune to overcome our Enemies, and to bring Home to the Queen a complete Victory; for which she not only loaded me with Honours and Acknowledgments, but took her Opportunity to discover to me in plain Terms her particular Inclinations, telling me that I was a compleat Victor, not only over her Enemies, but over her Heart; and though she had made all the Resistance that Reason and Grandeur could help her to, yet she found herself conquer'd by the irresistible Forces of my Virtue and heroick Actions; and since (said she) I find all my Oppositions invalid, and my Power nothing but Weakness, when in competition with my *European* Conqueror, it is but just I render you the Honours of a glorious Triumph, which you shall receive in being the Copartner of my Crown and Dignity. In this, no doubt, she thought she offered what I would accept with Transport, for in Reality the Offer was truly glorious; for setting aside her Riches and Royalty, her beauteous Person and interior Endowments were a

34 EXILIUS ; or,

Present for a most celebrated Hero ; and might justly command the Adorations of the greatest Monarchs of the Universe : But I who was devoted and given to the Memory of my *Clarinthia*, was in Mind and Person nothing but Insensibility and Despair. I remain'd confounded, and ignorant what to say ; grant I could not ; to refuse was ridiculous and ungrateful, or rather cruel to myself, rendering me a Monster of Nature ; for what human Being but myself could refuse Beauty and Grandour, which so advantageously courted my Acceptance : I wish'd myself dead or annihilated, any thing or nothing, to be out of that *Dilemma* : But as I was about to reply I know not what, propitious Fortune brought to my Deliverance the King and Princess, which put a Period to my Confusion.

This Adventure gave me great Inquietude, that I should be the unhappy Person that Fortune forced to be ungrateful to so generous a Benefactress, unpolished to so great a Queen, and worst of all disobliging to *Galecia's* Mother, and in all opposite to the greatest Honour I could hope for on this Side Heaven. A thousand Things I resolved, and with the next Gust of Thought dissolved them all ; a thousand Things I vowed, and with the next Breath renounced them all ; Thought supplanting
Thought,

Thought, 'till my Understanding was grown barren, and incapable of any rational Production. Thus revolving many Things in my Mind, I could fix on nothing so suitable to my Inclination, as stealing away from Court; but then again, I looked on that as not only an ungrateful Breach of Hospitality with the Queen, but of Friendship with the Princess. As I was in these Thoughts, walking in a private Alley in the Garden, the Princess entered; so I assay'd to withdraw, out of Respect to her Highness; but she was pleas'd to command my Stay, and falling into Discourse with me on Things indifferent, at last I took my Opportunity to let her know my Design of leaving the Court, and to search out some unknown Solitude, there for ever to lament the Loss of my *Clarinthia*. She told me she could not disapprove my Resolution, it being so much her own Inclination: for (said she) tho' I have no such Loss as your's to lament, yet I could wish for ever to be exempt from all human Society, to spend my Days in Study and Contemplation, and praising of the Powers divine. To which I reply'd, that such a Life in her would not be laudable, hardly excusable; forasmuch as she was sent into the World for a general Good, and therefore could not deprive Mankind of such a Happiness given

them by the Gods, without a manifest Injustice; therefore begged her speedily to oblige the Queen in the Marriage of Prince *Boccus*, and so make two Kingdoms happy. You ought (said she) to return these Arguments upon yourself, who are much more capable of rendering Service to the Publick; therefore cannot, without a Crime withdraw yourself into your proposed Solitude. I am sensible, (reply'd I) that my Capacity is very weak; but if I could any way serve the Princess *Galecia*, I should think myself most happy; and I beg your Highness to believe, that my Life, and all that I am, is perfectly at your Devotion; nor is any thing capable to give me the least Satisfaction, if not consonant to your Commands. At these Words, the Prince *Boccus* came up to us, and being prepossessed with Jealousy, and beside the Language of his Country, being gross and unpolished, not used to such little extended Civilities of Speech, he concluded what I said to proceed from an amorous Inclination. So drawing his Sword, said, that now he knew the Cause of her Indifferency, he would free himself from the Obstacle of his Happiness, by my speedy Death, and so ran upon me with great Fury: But I defended myself with as much Nimbleness, as he assaulted with Violence, both of us forgetting our Respects due

to

to the Princess, whose Royal Presence ought to have restrained us; But this generous and courageous Lady, without Noise or Terror, stepp'd between us, and with her own Person put a Stop to our Fury, reproaching *Boccus* for having made such an Assault on an innocent Stranger, and at the same time on her Honour, in not only breaking all due Respect to her Sex and Quality, but believing her to entertain a secret Amour; a Thing she detested, as being below the Dignity of a private Gentlewoman, much more a Person of her Rank, and quite contradictory to her frank generous Humour. But the transported *Boccus*, instead of owning his Fault, and asking his Pardon, persisted in his Jealousy, and uttered some insolent Expressions; whereat the Princess quite enraged, step'd suddenly to me, and before I was aware, pulled out my Sword, and therewithal ran *Boccus* quite through the Body. After this rash Action, Tenderness obliged her to do what Fear could not; for seeing him fall by her Hand, she cried out most distractedly; at which the Guards and Prince *Boccus's* Servants came, and finding my Sword to have performed the Fact, though in *Galecia's* Hand, they seized and hurry'd me away to Prison; where, after two or three Days, News was brought me, that *Boccus* was dead of his Wounds, and had
constantly

constantly affirmed me to be his Murderer. On the other Side, the generous Princess attested, that it was she herself that had done it, for which she was exceeding sorry, though he deserved no less for his Temerity. The dead Body was carry'd into his own Country, to be interr'd and lamented by the King his Father, who represented it most bitterly, and sent to the Queen, to deliver his Son's Murderer into his Hands, or to expect his utmost Force to revenge his Death. This Embassy much disturbed the Queen, being very unwilling to have the King of *Mauritania* make War upon her on this Occasion; and as unwilling to deliver me up to his Revenge, tho' no doubt but she believed me to be the Actor of this Tragedy, and that it was Love that made the Princess take it upon herself, for my Security; yet she seemed to think me innocent, thereby to make herself appear just in protecting me. Now, the Queen not only feared the Power of the King of *Mauritania*, but her own Subjects, who malign'd and envy'd the Honours he heaped upon me, not only as being a Stranger without Rank or Quality, but a *Roman*, which entitles a Man to the Hatred of the Universe; for though the World esteems and imitates our Learning, Laws, and Manners, yet our growing Glories make us the Object of Envy and Emulation;

Emulation ; and every one would hate a *Roman*, though they knew not why. In short, the Queen was extremely embarrassed, and push'd on by Clamours, nevertheless, she could not resolve to give me up into the Hands of such an enraged Enemy as the King of *Mauritania*. Thus we see how diversely Things are represented to the World ; the Queen, who believ'd me guilty, represented me innocent ; *Boccus*, who knew me innocent, had represented me guilty ; the Princess, who was the only Person capable to give a true Information, was believed on no Side ; which shews that Men credit what they fancy, and by Degrees think they know what they have only by Hear-say, and then act according to this mistaken Knowledge, mistaken Information, and mistaken Fancy. By this Means the *Numidians* began to be in divers Divisions, and many Heart-burnings arose amongst them, that the Queen was non-plus'd what to do. In the midst of these Difficulties, after divers Debates with herself, she sent the King of *Mauritania* Word, That she much lamented the Death of his Son, which she counted a Loss to herself little inferior to his ; and that she most earnestly desired to revenge his Death on the Murderer, but Justice obliged her to protect the Stranger *Lysander*, as not being culpable ; and for an Assurance

Assurance of the Sincerity of this her Assertion, she would, if he pleased, send her two Children, the young Prince *Gala* and the Princess *Galecia*, as Hostages to his Majesty, 'till she could better inform herself of the Business. Thus was this poor Lady, though a Queen, become subject to her Passion, or rather such a Slave to her Folly, as to overlook her Honour, Interest, and her People's Happiness, in exposing her Children, whose Safety ought to have been her principal Care and most tender Concern: and this for me, a Stranger, not worth her Consideration: All which she frequently represented to me in those Visits she made me in Prison; moreover alledging, that her Children's Absence would make the Throne and Palace more spacious and secure for her and me. These Offers were not at all pleasing to me; but such was the Juncture of Affairs, that I knew not how to receive or reject them, as hating to dissemble the Truth, and fearing to exasperate her against *Galecia*; therefore composed my Answers as cunningly and dubiously as possible; which gave her very little Hopes or Satisfaction, and only confirmed her Suspicion of her Daughter's being her Rival.

Now, the Princess having Intelligence of what Answer the Queen had sent to the King of *Mauritania*, and how she and
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the King her Brother were in Danger of being sent Hostages to that King, she thought Duty to the King her Brother, as well as Respect to the Memory of her dead Father, obliged her to endeavour to prevent it, if possible. Wherefore she assembled in her Apartment one Night those Nobles whom she knew to have been most affectionate to her Father, and there discoursed with them touching this Matter, asking them if they thought it reasonable or just, that the young King and herself should be put into the Hands of a Stranger and enraged Enemy? or whether they thought their Laws and Liberties, Lives and Estates, could be safe, when the Keys of the Kingdom should be thus in the Hands of a Foreign King? As for myself, (continued she) I deserve to be the Object of that King's Revenge, who have been the Cause of his Sorrow, in the Death of his Son, whose only Fault was loving me too well, of which I am now most sensible, and too late repent my Rashness; and for a Reparation of my Crime, I resolve to consecrate myself a perpetual Virgin, for the sake of Prince *Boccius*; and shall be willing to undergo whatsoever Punishment the King his Father shall think I deserve: But for the King, my Brother, I see no Reason that he should be involved in my Punishment, who is innocent of my Crime:
There-

Therefore, my Lords, I beg you to consider what is to be done in this Case, for the Security of the King, the Laws, and yourselves. With several other Words to the same Effect. At which the Lords were most sensibly touched, and unanimously professed they were willing to hazard their Lives, and all they had, for the Service of the King, and Safety of their Laws and Country. To this End, several Methods were proposed, but none seemed so likely as the securing the Queen's Person, and putting the Government into the Hands of the Council, 'till the King should be of Years to act for himself. But this Method did not please the Princess, in regard of her Duty to her Mother, and the Danger of unhinging the Government, and instead of making Things better, perhaps worse; and in thus preserving the young King from the Hands of the King of *Mauritania*, he might be cast into the Hands of his own Subjects, whose Ambition perhaps might not be so easily bounded, as their Allegiance broken; well knowing how dangerous it is for a King to part with the Reins of Government. These, and divers other Considerations, made the Princess oppose those Measures proposed by the Lords; so, without resolving on any thing, they separated, each one repairing to their own Lodging. Now this Meeting was
not

not so secretly carried, but that the Queen had speedy Intelligence; wherefore, next Morning, the Princess and divers of the Lords were apprehended and imprisoned; of all which the Queen failed not to advertise me in my Confinement. I constantly applied all the persuasive Argument I could think on, in behalf of the Princess; all which served but to confirm her Jealousy, and irritate her Anger. Thus the best Intentions, when perverted, produce the worst Effects; as the strongest Wine makes the keenest Vinegar. The Queen looking upon her as a powerful Rival, as well as a rebellious Daughter, resolved that nothing should save her Life; however, was unresolved what Measures to take, sometimes thinking to send her to the King of *Mauritania*, to avoid the Clamours that would be made in *Numidia*; but then again, she thought her Beauty, Youth, and Eloquence, would so far gain upon him, as to make him of her Party: Besides, she was desirous to make her an Example to the rest of her Subjects, to deter them from such treasonable Conspiracies and rebellious Practices. In short, it was determined she should suffer in *Numidia*. To this End, the Queen ordered a Scaffold to be erected adjacent to her own Apartment, upon which she came and seated herself in a Chair of State prepared for that Purpose; the

the Scaffold, as also her Person, were dressed in Black Velvet. Hither was brought the Princess, dressed in a long Robe of White Sattin, which represented *Cynthia* in a Cloud, engaging the Spectators to long for her appearing again in Splendour. The Queen first made a short Speech to the People, minding them what Happiness they had enjoyed under her Reign, and that it was for their Sakes and Securities that she thus acted against the Dictates of Nature, in exposing to the Hand of Justice the Child of her Bowels, and her only Daughter; with other Things to that Purpose. Then turning her Speech to *Galecia*, told her, that her Quality exempting her from all Compeers, she was forced herself (according to the Custom of that Country) to become her Judge; and not only so, but her Accuser likewise, her Crime being against her and the State. Thou knowest, *Galecia*, what an indulgent Mother I have been to thee on all Occasions; in particular, how willing I was to smother and conceal thy Crime, touching the Death of Prince *Bocchus*, and was desirous it should be thought the Stranger *Lysander*, and have for that Cause detained him in Prison ever since: These and all other Benefits thou hast rewarded with the highest Ingratitude, in conspiring against my Life, and contriving the Subversion of the Government, for

which

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which thou art sensible thou deservest to die ; therefore if thou hast aught to say in thy Defence, thou hast Liberty to speak. 'Tis true (replied the Princess) touching the Death of Prince *Boccus*, I am most culpable, and deserve to suffer for having rashly slain a vertuous Prince, my faithful Lover ; but to have conspired against your Majesty's Life, I utterly renounce ; or to have designed any Thing against the Government, farther than to secure it for the King my Brother ; and if that can make me guilty, I must confess I am a great Criminal, and have nothing to say in my Defence. Whereupon the Queen proceeded to pronounce on her the Sentence of Death, commanding the Captain of the Guard to see it executed. Her Majesty retired into her Apartment. Now a little before she went on the Tribunal of Justice, she had writ to me thus.

“ LYSANDER,

“ **T**HIS is to acquaint You, that I ascend the Tribunal of Justice : If
“ You have a Desire to testify your Love,
“ or, (as you call it) your Friendship to
“ *Galecia*, You have now an Opportunity,
“ in saving her, and making yourself happy in my Crown and Person ; which if
“ you persist to refuse, I shall not only
“ remove *Galecia* the Rival of my Love,
“ but

46 E X I L I U S ; or,

“ but *Gala* the Rival of my Empire ; and
 “ as I thus punish those who oppose my
 “ Power, so I will also take Revenge on
 “ those who slight my Love ; and thereby
 “ demonstrate how dangerous it is, either
 “ to affront or scorn a Queen.

It is strange to see what Extravagancies we are subject to, if we follow the Career of our own Passions. Justly may the Philosophers affirm it to be a greater Victory to conquer ourselves, than to overcome the Universe ; as is manifest by the Mistakes this Lady committed, when she suffered herself to be guided by Passion, to the Ruin of herself, Children and Empire, for me, an unhappy Wretch, that could gratify her in nothing but my Pity.

At the Receipt of this Billet, I was both surprized and afflicted, nor knew I what Answer to return. Sometimes I resolved to sacrifice myself to her Inclinations, thereby to save the Life of the most excellent Princess *Galecia*. But then again, I thought on my *Clarinthia*, and those Vows I had made to her of everlasting Love, and the Promise I had made to the Gods of a continual single Life in Memory of my dear *Clarinthia*. How will thy lovely Shade (said I) behold me in the Arms of another ! Thy pure Spirit will hate my Falshood, and blush at my Perjury. The Gods will avenge themselves

themselves and thee, of these my broken Vows : O *Lyfander* ! O *Asiaticus* ! O *Scipio* ! Dishonour will brand Thee, and brand all these three noble Names ; brand thee with Falshood to thy Love, broken Vows, Infidelity to the Gods, and unworthy slighting the Memory of the Dead. Whilst I was thus arguing with myself, *Fidelius* put me in mind that the Queen's Messenger stay'd ; whereupon, in the midst of many confused Thoughts, I writ to the Queen to this effect.

“ Madam,

“ IF You proceed in these Cruelties you
 “ I propose towards the King and Princess,
 “ I hope you will add some Policy to your
 “ Passion, and secure yourself of me the
 “ same Way, lest by some Means or other
 “ I make my Escape into my own Coun-
 “ try; from whence, at the Head of
 “ twenty Legions, I shall come and receive
 “ the Favours your Majesty is pleased to
 “ offer, that being the only Way the Ro-
 “ mans accept of Crowns ; which shall be
 “ observed by your Servant, LYSANDER.

These rough Lines came to the Queen's Hands just as she was about to go on her Tribunal of Justice ; which served only to exasperate and prompt her on to pronounce Sentence of Death against the Princess. I cannot but reflect how indiscreet this Way of Writing was in me, especially in such
 Circum-

Circumstances as Fortune had reduced the Princess and myself, it being more like an unpolished *African*, or some *Lybian* Forester, than an *European*, and a *Roman* Gentleman; for as Truth ought never to be disguised with Falshood, no more ought she to appear with a Nakedness even to Immodesty or Rudeness. But to return.

The Queen being retired into her Apartment, as I told you, the Princess made an Harangue to the People, wherein she owned her Guilt touching the Death of Prince *Boccus*, and asserted her Innocence concerning the Conspiracy against the Queen's Life. Then turning to one of her Pages, she bid him go to her Brother, to whom she recommended him; hoping he would be well received, forasmuch as she fell a Sacrifice to his Safety, endeavouring to preserve his Life, Liberty, and Kingly Dignity. The Captain of the Guard told her, that in Consideration that she had but few Minutes to live, she might employ them better than in such reflecting Speeches: To which the Princess replied, That his Insolence made him deserve to have fewer Minutes to live than she. 'Tis true, Madam, (replied one behind him, stabbing him), he deserved not to live, who durst undertake so bloody a Charge, as seeing his King's Sister executed without Law or Reason. The Princess was amazed at these Words,

Words, and the unexpected Action of the Captain's Death. Looking about, she saw the Guards dead on the Scaffold, and the Throng below much dispersed, and those that remained, fighting towards the Queen's Apartment, together with a great and confused Noise on every Side; of all which she knew not what Construction to make, whether a general Revolt, or that an Enemy had entered the City, putting all to the Sword. In this Astonishment she entered the Queen's Lodgings, which she found full of Guards, and the Queen fallen, wounded by the Hands of some of them; all which filled her with Astonishment and Horror. As she was in this Confusion, commanding Care to be taken of the Queen, a Person in bloody Armour entered, and casting himself at her Feet, told her, she was now at Liberty, and her Life in Safety; which, said he, by the Assistance of the Gods, I have effected, as also the Establishment of your Brother's Crown. Valiant Sir, replied the Princess, the Obligation is above my Power to requite; But as far as in my Brother lies, I know he will own it to the half of his Kingdom.

Madam, replied he, it is yourself only that is capable to make the Recompence; I seek not Riches nor Titles; 'tis only your divine Person, the illustrious Princess *Galecia*, can satisfy my Ambition. I perceive,

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Sir,

Sir, replied the Princess, you are one whose hard Fortune it is to be in the Number of my Lovers: Alas! the World knows I am vow'd to the Memory of Prince *Boccus*, whom I unhappily slew; and therefore, for his Sake, am resolved to spend the rest of my Days in a woful Solitude; otherwise, whatever your Quality be, your Service merits more than you demand. If you have vowed yourself to *Boccus* (replied the Stranger) then here perform your Obligation; for behold it is *Boccus* that now lies at your Feet, begging Pardon for all the Troubles you have undergone for his Sake. Then disarming his Head, the Princess knew him to be *Boccus*, but could hardly credit her Senses. The first Efforts of her Surprise being past, Grief supplied its Place: for the Queen's Soul fled out at that Wound she had received. As they took Order for disposing of her dead Body, they found my Letter, which was fallen out of her Hand, (for she was perusing it just as she received her Death's Wound;) by which they perceived my Integrity and her Cruelty; which helped to abate *Galecia's* Resentment of her Death, and moderate her Sorrow.

They disposed all Things in the Palace, and amongst the Soldiers, with what Expedition they could, proclaiming in the Street, Long Life and Health to King *Gala*.
After

After which, they came and took me out of Prison, *Boccus* generously begging Pardon of me for his rash and false Suspitions, and, upon our Request, informed us how he had accomplished this great Affair with so much Secresy and Success; which he related as follows.

When I found myself like to recover, (said *Boccus*) of the Wound I had received from the Princess, to gratify my Malice against *Lysander*, I made it be given out, that I was dead; and accordingly caused a Herse to be convey'd into my own Country, concluding that either the Queen or my Father would revenge my Death on *Lysander*, and make him fall shamefully by the Hands of Justice. In the mean time, I concealed myself between the Confines of *Mauritania* and *Numidia*, whither my Servants and Spies brought me Intelligence of all that passed in both Countries and Courts. When I understood the Imprisonment of *Galecia*, and the Danger she was in, I resolved to attempt her Delivery with the Hazard of my Life. I communicated my Design to some of the Captains and other Officers of the Guard, whom I had made my Friends whilst I resided in the Court of *Numidia*; who were very ready to comply with me in an Enterprize so just and honourable, as the saving the Life of the Princess, and divers noble *Numidians*, who were in

Danger. We contrived, that just before the Execution of the Princess, when People's Hearts were agitated with Pity toward her, Anger toward the Queen, and Fear of their own Safeties, &c. so less capable to examine or resist, our Party was to seize on those who had the Charge of her Death, and at the same time we had a Party of our own, who guarded the Palace within, who were to seize and secure all for the King; but they exceeded their Commission in the Death of the Queen, for that we never designed. Thus we accomplished the Delivery of this most excellent Princess, whose gracious Acceptance has rendered me more than happy. The King, Princess, and all the *Numidian* Nobility present, rendered him their grateful Acknowledgments, and promised a speedy Preparation for the celebrating the Nuptials between him and the Princess.

After the Funeral Rites for the Queen, and the Affairs of State and Court were a little settled, and the Messengers returned from *Mauritania*, who brought with them the Assurance of the great Satisfaction that King took in the Knowledge of all these Things, in particular in this his Marriage. I say, Things being all thus disposed, the Marriage was celebrated with much Ceremony and Magnificence; which would be too tedious to describe: but were such as

shews,

shews, the *Africans* are not at all behind the *Europeans* in any Kind of Pomp or Expence.

When the Time prescribed for the End of these magnificent Entertainments came, and the Princes were disposed for their Departure into *Mauritania*, the young King and many of the *Numidian* Nobles accompanied them; among the rest, the Prince was pleased to oblige me to go along with them, as a Sharer of their Happiness, who had been a Partner in their Misfortunes.

Being arrived in *Mauritania*, we found most sumptuous Entertainment; our whole Passage through the Country was one continual Triumph; but when we came to the Palace, we found it prepared with unspeakable Riches and Divertisements, which lasted many Days. But as all the Glories of this World are passant, and all its Felicities transitory, so it was in these Delights; as they had their Beginning, so their Period approached, that the young King and his *Numidians* must return; which was a sensible Affliction to the Princess, not only parting with her Brother, but fearing lest, in time, Prince *Boccus*, and the King his Father, might reflect on her past rash Action; but besides this, the *Mauritanians* had taken so firm a Belief of the Death of the Prince, that notwithstanding his appearing there in Person, a

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great

great Party would not believe him living, but that it was an Imposture, and a Juggle of the King and others, in Opposition to some other Princes of the Blood Royal. This Conceit was so pushed on by those Princes whose Interest it was that the King should have no Son, that the greater Part of *Mauritania* either believed or pretended to believe this real Prince to be an Imposter; by which one sees how easy it is to impose upon a Populace, who are generally ready to receive any Notion, though never so ridiculous, if it does but diminish the Power of their Superiors; and this was the State in which we left *Mauritania*. The Kings of *Numidia* and *Mauritania* were both graciously pleased to invite me to remain with either of them; but my Resolutions being fixed upon Retirement, I deny'd myself that Happiness. When I took my Leave of the Princess, she took a rich Jewel off her Arm, and bound it about mine, commanding me, that if ever I saw *Clarinthia*, to present her with it as a Token from her. This was an Honour extremely acceptable and agreeable to me; nevertheless I wish it had been omitted in Consideration of herself, lest it might kindle again some concealed Sparks of Jealousy in the Prince her Husband, or the Court of *Mauritania*. But the Princess followed her generous frank Humour with-

out

out reflecting on the Consequence, which indeed is the Mistake of the greatest Part of Mankind, and shews how justly Prudence has a Rank among the Cardinal Vertues; for without it the best of Actions are misplaced, mistaken, and misunderstood; so that instead of answering their Ends, become disobliging, dangerous, and prejudicial. However, I hope nothing of this Kind attended the Princess, upon this Testimony of Friendship towards me, who was bidding an everlasting Farewell to her and all human Kind.

Being parted from the Court of *Mauritania*, I directed my Course towards Mount *Atlas*, resolving to seek a wretched Retreat under some of his Sons, and there to wear away the Remainder of my Days in Silence and Solitude. Here being arrived, I happened into the most pleasant Valley the Earth can pretend to be Mistress of. It runs along between two Hills, whose gentle Rise delights the View; and though in some Places they are more stupendous, yet not so as to disoblige the Eye with any rude Assent, or disagreeable Sterility; for they are well garnished with Intervals of Wood, Corn, and some Pasturage. But the Valley is so pleasant and fertile, as if *Bacchus*, *Ceres*, and *Flora*, had made that Place their Treasury, from whence they might replenish the World. Long Rows

of Vines, Palms, and Orange-Trees, great Plenty of Figs, Dates, and all Sorts of delicious Fruit; under which grew all Sorts of pleasant Flowers and beautiful Plants, in such perfect Order, as if Nature kept here her Court, to entertain the Epicures of the Universe. Nor was the Smell, Taste, and Sight only gratified, but the Ear was also ravished with the melodious Musick of the winged Inhabitants, whose shrill Trebles were softened by the Murmur of a gentle Brook passing nimbly over the Pebbles; also a soft Wind breathing thro' the Trees, made the Musick most harmonious, that all Things considered, I thought this Place must needs be the Terrestrial Retreat of some Divinity. And what confirmed me in this Opinion, I was so wrap'd up in Contemplation, that my Thoughts were uncapable of any earthly Consideration. With what Scorn and Contempt did I reflect on those Honours, Victories, and Triumphs with which Fortune and my Friends had graced me withal! The Glories of my Country, and the Honours of my Family, were all despicable Trifles; Feasting Company, and Divertisement, I looked upon as impertinent Incumbrances, and a Clog to Freedom, at least to Devotion. Methought I experienced the Philosopher's Maxim, and was never less alone, than when here alone, where one might so freely correspond

spond with Heaven, I thought myself interiorly united to the Gods; I look'd down upon all moral Vertues, as Steps by which I had ascended to this Happiness of Mind; I almost blessed those Misfortunes that had thus brought me to know the Feebleness and Instability of all earthly Pursuits and Acquests, and chiefly that I had truly learnt to know and condemn myself, and, for the Love of the Gods, longed to be freed from this mortal Being.

As I thus walked, entertaining my Thoughts, I observed a little Foot-Path which extended itself to no Town, Wood, Walk, or Spring, but at both Ends the Grass and Flowers grew in their proper Vigour, as at their first Creation. Whilst I looked on this with a little Astonishment, I saw some Leaves wafted about with the Wind, whereon was writ Words in *Greek* and *Oriental* Characters, which my Curiosity obliged me to gather; in doing which, I discovered behind a Bush the Mouth of a Cave, into which I entered; and passing a few Steps, I saw a Woman kneeling before a Kind of an Altar, which was decently dressed with the native Ornament of that Place. Her Person was comely, or rather beautiful; which her Habit seemed rather to disguise, than imbellish; but to be sure she designed it for Necessity, not Ornament, being rudely
C 5. made

58 EXILIUS; or,

made of Beasts Skins, nevertheless something appeared in her that denoted a Mind rich in this extraordinary Poverty, a Soul elevated above this World's Grandeur, and her extended Capacity comprehending a vast Eternity of Time, and Infinity of Place, whilst her Person was contained in the narrow Bounds of this her little Cave. As I approached towards her, she rose and saluted me with the following Lines.

*Welcome, brave Hero, to this mean Retreat,
Thou who excel'st whatever Rome call'd Great;
Great as Thou art, yet Others of thy Name
Shall Thee transcend in Martial Acts and Fame.
Two shall their Names from Africa receive,
As Asia did to Thee thy Glories give.
And this Great House of Scipio's shall last,
'Till Rome herself is into Bondage cast;
For he who shall thy great Attempts complete,
Deservedly shall gain the Name of Great.*
Lo! he the Heiress of thy House take,
But future Fortune shall this Chief forsake;
For as his Conquests ranges o'er the East,
Until his Feet Euphrates Banks have prest;
So shall his Rival in the West and North
Gain equal Glories with as equal Worth.
Now these great Souls, whose Greatness shall
surpass
All Glories to succeed; and all that ever was
Shall*

* POMPEY

*Shall neither Equal nor Superior brook;
Such is Man's Pride, when by the Gods forsook,
They both will run the Hazard of One Day,
And stake their Fortunes at Pharsalia:
But as a Game that's play'd with equal Care
And Skill, yet Fortune cannot equal share,
But One must Loser be; so in this Play
The Senate in thy House falls at Pharsalia.
But long the Victor sha'n't enjoy the Fruits
Of his laborious conquering Pursuits;
For he shall fall by cursed Treason's Wounds,
Who to Ambition could prescribe no Bounds,
And after this great Discord in the State,
'Twixt Senate, People, and Triumvirate,
Out, from this Chaos, there shall issue forth
An Emperor of matchless Pow'r and Worth,
Under whose Reign all din of War shall cease,
That Gods themselves shall envy human Peace.
Now hasten Home, as thou believ'st 'tis true,
And, my God's Blessing take, Hero, — Adieu.*

After this Harangue she turned herself about, and kneeled down before her Altar again. Now, this Adventure so extraordinary shocked all my former Resolutions; for I could not think her less than a Person divinely inspired, if not that *African* Sybil so talked of in the World. Her Manner of living, and her written Leaves, left me no Room for Doubt; so that I thought it almost a Duty to give Credit to these her Words, in which she mentioned the Conti-

60 EXILIUS; or,

nuation of the *Scipio's* Race, which I knew
 must be in me, I having no Brother. All
 Things considered, I began to conclude it
 to be the Will of Heaven, that I should re-
 turn into my Country; nor did *Fidelius* want
 Arguments to persuade me to this Inter-
 pretation of the Prophecy, adding, that if
Clarinthia, by the extreme Goodness of the
 Gods, was escaped, one might be sure, that
 in all this Time she would be returned in-
 to *Italy*. All these Considerations put to-
 gether, I resolved to leave this delightful
 Valley, and return to my Father's House,
 where I arrived last Night without any
 remarkable Adventure. There, to my
 great Happiness, I not only found my Fa-
 ther well, but my dear Sister safe returned,
 and in company with my amiable Cousin
Clelia, and now, to my unspeakable Joy,
 my adorable *Clarinthia*, of whose Escape
 and Adventures I long to be informed.
 And I no less, (replied *Scipiana*,) but we
 must reserve that for another Opportunity,
 and at present return to our Father, who,
 no doubt, by this Time expects us. Where-
 fore *Asiaticus* leading *Clarinthia*, and de-
 siring the rest to accompany him, they all
 walked to the House, where we will leave
 them to receive the joyful Welcome of the
 noble *Publius* their Father, and to relate to
 him their respective Adventures.

B O O K

B O O K III.

THESE noble Lovers having related their different Adventures to *Publius*, he engaged them to remain at his House, 'till the Return of those Messengers he had sent to *Rome*, to advertise the noble *Fabius* and *Lucullus* touching the Imprisonment of their Children *Fabius* and *Jemella*, in *Sardinia*. He also sent Word to my Lord *Marcellus* of his Son's being arrived at his House, and to others of his Friends and Relations, who were concerned with these young Lovers, or their Proceedings.

In the mean time, *Cordiala* being recovered, *Scipiana* accommodated her with all Things necessary for a young Lady; and so she augmented the Number of this happy Company, her Beauty, and other Endowments, giving her a Place in every body's Esteem; but especially that of *Ismenus*, who soon found the Difference between her vertuous Charms, and the loose Behaviour of his African *Emilia*. Where Vertue is united to Beauty, the Heart of the Lover is doubly tried, not only by Passion, but Reason; the latter commonly proving the more strong and lasting Bond;
for

for if Vertue does not keep, as well as Beauty take, the captivated Heart soon gets its Liberty, as appears by *Ismenus* and *Emilia*: But *Cordiala*'s vertuous Mien and Actions fastened his young Heart in the strong Bonds of an unalterable Affection, which he discovered to her on all Occasions possible.

Now it happened, that *Libidinia* the fair Widow, *Clelia*'s Friend, was taken very dangerously sick; wherefore he sent to speak with *Clelia*. *Marcellus* being desirous to justify himself in her Presence, who was his Accuser, desired Leave to accompany *Clelia* for that Purpose. At their Arrival they found the Lady extremely ill, which disposed her to Repentance, and owning her Crime, declaring, that it was she that had made the Discord between *Clelia* and *Marcellus*; for (said she) it was I that stole the little Picture, and gave it your Ladyship, with those cunning Insinuations, as if he had returned it in Contempt; and, on the other Side, imposed upon him, making him believe you unfaithful. This I did not out of Malice to either of you, but too great Fondness for *Marcellus*. You may believe I was pushed on by a violent Passion, otherwise I would not have engaged myself in an Enterprize so ill founded, and so easily overthrown; but I trusted in the Opposition of your Pa-

rents

rents on both Sides, the Disguise of *Marcellus*, which hindered him from appearing openly before you for his Justification, and the Interest *Jemella* and her Friends had in him, &c. Among all these troubled Waters I hoped to fish out something to my Advantage, if I could but form a little Animosity between you; which I wickedly accomplished, but am now sincerely sorry, begging Pardon both of you and Heaven.

Marcellus and *Clelia* thanked her for this free Acknowledgment, which verified what *Marcellus* had asserted. They begged her to quiet her Mind, in Hopes the Gods would pardon her as freely as they did, and to compose herself to Rest, thereby to facilitate her Recovery, that they might have her Company at my Lord *Publius Scipio's*, before they departed thence; so took their Leave, recommending her to the Protection of Heaven.

They were just returned, when there came *Fabius*, *Jemella*, *Clodius*, and *Milena*, to the great Surprize and Astonishment of all the Company; in particular, to see *Clodius* in such good Intelligence with the others, insomuch, that *Scipiana* knew not in what manner to receive him, 'till *Fabius* took her out of her Difficulty, by asking Pardon for *Clodius*, desiring her to receive him as a Friend, promising to inform her

her of the rest afterwards. The first Compliments and Civilities being over, *Scipiana* presented *Cordiala* to *Fabius*, bidding him behold his Man *Almon* become a fair Lady, which was very surprizing to *Fabius*, *Clodius*, and the rest; but, in particular, *Clodius* was agitated in Mind, there to meet the Person once designed for his Wife; to see her who had run through so many Difficulties and Hazards purely to avoid his Love. He looked on her with Veneration, saying, she deserved to crown the Head of some great Conqueror, who, like the chaste *Daphne*, chose to suffer any Metamorphosis, rather than be united to so loose a Liver as he had been; but Heaven, I hope, will pardon (as these noble Persons *Fabius* and *Jemella* have done,) and thou, *Cordiala*, also receive me into Favour; for thy Sake I am become (what I thought impossible to my Nature,) a constant Lover; and then I am sure I shall be as great a Metamorphosis in Manners, as thou art in Person; and since it was my loose Way of living that caused your Scorn, let that vertuous Life I now pretend to live procure your Kindness. Your loose Life (replied *Cordiala*) was but one Obstacle; my low Fortune was another, and that Cause not being removed, the Effect must remain. This Discourse was put to a Period by the coming in of *Publius*, to whom *Clodius* addressed

ressed with profound Respect, begging him to forgive what was past touching his Daughter and Nephew, and to obtain the same for him of the Senate; promising him never to do any Thing unworthy of his Pardon or Protection. To which *Publius* replied, that he had received Letters from *Rome*, which informed him, that the Lords *Fabius* and *Lucullus* would be here shortly, to whom you are to address yourself, as Persons equally injured. In the mean time I excuse and desire you to remain here with this good Company.

The approaching Night obliged these happy Friends to a Cessation of their grateful Entertainments, and to retire to their respective Apartments. The Ladies attended *Jemella* to her's, where they begged the Favour of her to recite the Manner of her Escape, and other Occurrences during her Confinement in *Sardinia*.



Continues

Continuation of the
 HISTORY
 OF
 JEMELLA.

MAdam, (said *Jemella*, addressing her Words to *Scipiana*) you may remember how *Clodius* disposed us in different Cabins, I suppose, that he might make his Court to us alternately. He was in one of his amorous Follies, when the Fire took the Ship, which proving impossible to be extinguished, made us betake ourselves to the last miserable Means of Escape, and so committed ourselves to the Sea, where I floated awhile, but was soon taken by a Sea-Monster, called a Syren, being a Fish perfectly in Shape of a Man. This Monster carried me into the Hollow of a Rock, and there laid me on a Crag to drain and come to myself; which I soon did, to behold the greatest Horror that ever could be presented to human View. I found myself in the Custody of Monsters, in the Hollow of a Rock, where was no Footing but Water, except such Craggs or Bosses on which I was laid, and those all besmear'd

Y smeared with Blood, and strewed with human Bones, and by me lay a Body half devoured by this Monster, the other Part stunk so as almost poisoned me. Here being alone in this Station of Horror, I had Time to reflect how justly the Gods punished me for my Folly and Disobedience; I say Disobedience in Will at least, though not in Fact, in having so despised and abhorred that Country Solitude with my Grandmother, which was indeed a noble magnificent Place, but distant from *Rome*, the Original of Pride, Vanity, and Luxury; which engage the Hearts of too many of our Country Ladies, who enjoy all Things excellent in Nature, but undervalue all, because not in a Place their wild Fancies would chuse; of which I found myself sufficiently sensible here, and severely chastised. My Punishment was a Glass wherein I saw my Crimes, and withal the Wisdom and Justice of the Gods, in having thus adapted one to the other. I, who had so ungratefully murmured at the happy Lot the Gods had drawn for me in that virtuous and honourable Station with my Grandmother, was now reduced to the Distress as I told you, every Moment expecting the Return of the Monster to devour me. Sometimes I thought to throw myself into the Sea, to disappoint his greedy Jaws; but then I remembered that was Self-Murder,

which

which would entail upon me a miserable Eternity; wherefore I forced my Inclinations to remain where he had laid me, in Expectation of his Return to devour me. I lay as on an Altar, and there offered my self to the Gods, begging them to receive my immortal Part, when this Frame should perish; but withal reflecting how much more agreeable this Resignation would have been to them, had it been before Necessity compelled me; for, without doubt, the Offerings we make to Heaven out of a Motive of Love, are much more acceptable than those of Fear. As I lay in these Thoughts, there came swimming into the Rock a She Monster, as I thought, for I took it to be a Syren; but finding her speak articulately and rationally in the *Roman* Language, I understood this Creature was really a Woman. She told me her Husband had sent her to comfort and assist me. I asked her who was her Husband? She told me, that it was her Husband that had found me, and brought me thither; that he was an old He-Syren, and was worshipped for a God by all the Watry Kind; and that he had taken a great Liking to me, and would not hurt me, if I would submit to him. At which Words I was more amazed than ever, and wished rather to be a Prey to his Hunger than his Love. The Woman raised me from the Place
whereon

whereon I lay, and helped me to scramble up some Craggs of the Rock, and passed with me through a Cleft, and so got into a pretty Kind of Room, where was a little Fire of Shells and Fish-Bones, as also some human Bones, Ribs, Skulls, and the like, the Ensigns of Horror and Amazement. There was a little Bed or Couch, on which she laid me, and gave me some good Liquor out of a Bottle; all which revived me, and put me in a little Condition to examine her how she came, and how long she had lived there. She told me she was the Daughter of a wealthy Citizen of *Rome*, who had designed to marry her to a rich neighbouring Citizen; but she, like many of her Age and Rank, thinking her Wealth deserved something above her Quality, kept a secret Intrigue with one of the Gallants of the Town, a Man of Wit and Quality: so, flattering herself with the Hopes of being one Day his Lady, suffered herself to be debauched by him; but was so far from finding what her Folly expected, that she became the Object of his Scorn and Aversion; which is no more than common in those Cases. Her Father finding out what had happened, with the utmost Anger turned her out of Doors, to find that Misery her Crimes had sought. In this distressed Condition she wandered, resolving, if possible, to get into some far Country, there

there to hide her Shame; in order to which, she made Acquaintance with some Sea-men, who took her on board, where she was delivered of the Fruit of her Lewdness; and not many Days after the Ship was cast away, and she was taken up by the fore-mentioned Sea-Monster, and lived with him ever since as his Wife. In this I could not but again admire the strict Justice of Heaven, in thus punishing her Lewdness and Disobedience to her Parents. She that refused the honest Espousals provided by her Father, became Wife to a Monster; she that disgraced herself and her Friends by unlawful Lust, was a Prostitute to a Fish: Nor did I omit to make Reflections on myself in the Case of *Marcellus*. I asked her how she did at first accommodate herself to that strange Life? She said, it was with much Difficulty; but Custom made it become natural, insomuch that now she believes she could not bear dwelling on Land. The *Syrenus*, she said, had always been very kind to her, and she very assistant to him in helping him to catch his Prey; for she could swim and dive as well as he; but principally she was beneficial to him in bringing the half-drowned Prey to Life in this little Room; for he could not endure so far from the Water, especially in this Place where there was Fire, and he did not love to eat the Bodies that were drowned; and

and that was the Reason she had taken so much Pains to bring me to Life; nevertheless, (said she) be not afraid, be ruled by me, and you shall be happy; for I have a Son (continued she) shall be your Husband, and you shall live with me in this Rock, which is the chief in all this Sea. In a little time you will learn to swim and dive, see all the Riches at the Bottom of the Sea, the Groves of Samphire, and pleasant Grottos of Coral; rejoice in the Voices of the *Syrens*, and dance to the Musick of the *Tritons*; every one striving to do you Service, and be worshipped as a Goddess by all the watery Kind; and what can Ambition require more than to be deified? All this Extravagance so distracted, frightened, and amazed me, that I scarce knew what to say: But as the Honour of the Gods ought to concern one most, so I began to reprimand her first on that Score, as affronting and blaspheming their Divinities, in setting up poor Mortals in their Place, or making them Competitors. As I was about to proceed, to make her know the Affront she put upon human Kind in general, and to me in particular, we heard a Noise below, which she understood; for the Monster she called Husband had brought in more Prey, so called to her take it up, in order to bring it to Life, if possible. It was a Man, in all Appearance dead; however

however, she laid him before the Fire, and chafed him well with the Liquors she had by her, and forced some down his Throat. In the mean time, I knew not what I had best to do, whether to assist her or not; for I knew that the bringing him to Life was but to make him the more pleasing Prey to the Monster; therefore thought him happier to remain dead, as he appeared. But then again, I thought the Gods expected I should serve the present Necessity, and leave the Event to their Providence; therefore I arose from the Couch on which I was laid, and join'd my Endeavours with her's to bring him to Life. When I had cleansed his Face from the Froth and Filth with which it was smeared, I found this Object of Misery was *Clodius*. I continued my Endeavours to bring him to Life, neither out of Malice nor Kindness, but out of Duty to the Gods, and the natural Tye of Humanity. At last we began to find a Kind of reviving Warmth to overspread him, and his Pulses began to move. We continued our Endeavours 'till I thought I saw him open his Eyes, then I called him by his Name, to try if he had yet any Sense. At my naming *Clodius*, the Woman started and trembled, so that I feared she would have fainted quite away. I left *Clodius*, to address my Assistance to her, who in a little time recovered, and
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said, the Gods had been extremely just to bring him to Punishment, who had been the Cause of her Ruin, and the Disgrace of her Family. But now (said she) I shall see that Flesh, whose Lust knew no Bounds, devoured with the Teeth of a Sea-Monster; and that Tongue, whose Falshood betray'd my Innocence, torn from its Root, and on these Coals made an Offering to *Pluto*; and many Things more she said to this Purpose. But *Clodius* coming to himself, told her that she was to accuse herself of her Ruin, forasmuch as she was not ignorant of the World: She knew the Town, and the Humours of the Times, and knew that young Men would say and swear any thing to gain their Ends on Girls, and then abandon them to Ruin and Despair; for, said he, that young Girl that will carry on secret Intrigues of Love, without the Knowledge or Consent of her Parents, deserves to be treated by her Gallant as you have been by me; for how could you suppose I would make you a Lady or a Wife, who could not keep yourself a vertuous Maid, nor a dutiful Daughter? No, no, (continued he) those who bridle not their fond Desires with the Curb of Reason, or filial Duty, are only fit to be Wives to Monsters, or Mistresses to the last of Mankind; and such as will run to Balls, Theatres, and Treats, with young Men of the

Town, cannot expect the Vows we make are made to be kept, but to become the broken Meat for lost Vertue to feed upon, and be the miserable Support of a ruined Reputation: Of all which you could not be ignorant, at least my Character was sufficiently known, to have informed you; therefore it is yourself you are to reproach for all your Misfortunes.

As they were in this Discourse, the Monster below made a Noise, which she understood, and gave him down a great Fish or two, the Blood being first squeezed out, as also a Bottle of good Liquor. She told us he had asked her if either of us were so well recovered, as to be fit to be his Prey; but she had told him No, out of Kindness to me (as she worded it) and Malice to *Clodius*; adding, that she designed me for her Son, who was in all Respects a Human Creature, excepting that he could live under Water. She ran on, saying many Things in Praise of this her young Monster; which shews how blind we are towards the Defects or Deformities of what belongs to ourselves; for she represented this young Monster as a Hero of the Ocean, a principal Minister of State to *Nep-tune*, and a young God of all the Watry Kind. As I was about to reprimand her for her Extravagance, we heard a Noise below, which was the worthy Monster her Son,

Son, who had brought with him a Woman, so called to his Mother to take her up through the Cleft. As soon as we saw her, we knew her to be *Milena*, *Scipiana's* faithful Waiting-Gentlewoman. The poor Girl was wet, fatigued, and faint, otherwise alive and well; for the young Monster had found her when she first fell into the Water, and carried her to the Side of a Rock, where he had entertained her with the Sight of many Sea-Rarities, and the Voices of Syrens, Creatures of his own Kindred; and after perceiving her faint and discomposed, brought her here to his Mother to be revived, he himself coming along with her; so I had a Sight of my pretended Lover, and was presented to him by his Mother, as the Person she had found him for his Wife: But the Monster by Luck was so good-natured to refuse me, telling his Mother, in a strange squeaking Tone, that he was desirous to have the Woman he had found himself, having already offered her his Love; and if that other Woman wanted a Mate, she might take that Man which was there with her, he being resolved to keep to this Woman he had found: Which Piece of Kindness and Constancy served only to augment *Milena's* Fright and Consternation; and indeed we had no Reason to be otherwise in that miserable State to which we were

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reduced. However, *Clodius* was so far Master of his Temper, as to make use of the Monster's Kindness, and began to flatter him in it, and told him how extremely this Constancy in Love was esteem'd on Land, and promised him if he would go with them on Shore, he should find a much happier Being than here at Sea, and there he should have this Woman to himself, and live together in a stately House, and have many Servants to wait on them, and there to enjoy all that Sea and Land could afford; which he easily believed, because his Mother had told him such admirable Stories of the Land, that he seem'd willing to go with us, provided his Mother would go; for he said he would not leave her behind, she being one of the Earthly World, he would not abandon her alone to the Watry Kind; with other Things to this Purpose, which he spake with such an Air of Love and Tendernefs, that we began to be charmed with the Creature, and used what Arguments we could to persuade him to go with us. In the mean time, *Clodius* persuaded the Woman, telling her that she and her Son should live with him in his Castle in *Sardinia*, and that he would establish her Son in one of his Lordships, and so make her and him happy after all the Affliction his Crimes had procured her. The wretched Creature was not hard to be persuaded,

persuaded, and accordingly persuaded her Son; so by a general Consent we were all to leave the Rock that Night; we only stay'd 'till the Moon rose, which was not long, it being a little past the Full. At the Rise of the Moon the *Syrens* all began to sing, and made the finest Harmony possible; there were great Numbers dwelt about that Rock, and other Rocks in that Sea: They sung in perfect Concord, tho' many and divers Sorts of Voices, from the highest Treble to the lowest Base, yet so united, that one could scarce distinguish whether it was not all one Voice: Then they sung in Parts, and sometimes only a particular Voice; but which Way soever it was, it was most charming, and I perceived they sung in Honour of the rising Moon, as being the chief Goddess of the Ocean. Their Singing being over, they threw up a great deal of Water, as an Offering to the Moon, which they spouted up in most curious Works, Curls, and Branches to Admiration. This being done, they retired to their Rest on the Sides of the Rocks. Then it was that we were to enterprize our Escape, which was to be done with great Silence and soft Motions, for fear of waking the old *Syren*, who lay snoaring below, and no way to pass but down by the same Cleft we ascended, close by his rocky Bed. However, by

the Help of the Woman and her Son, we got safe down into the Water. At the Entrance of the watery Cave lay a Plank of a broken Ship; on this they put *Clodius*; and the Woman taking me, and her Son *Milena*, we all made our Escape to Shore in *Sardinia*. Here we stay'd a while to rest and refresh ourselves from our dangerous Fatigues; but our Companions grew soon indisposed, being out of their Element; for the Woman had lived so long in the Water, that it was become so natural to her, that she could not bear the Air at Land, but grew so ill, that we almost despaired of her Recovery, and her Son worse; so, upon their earnest Desires, we helped them both into the Water again, being sorry that we had no other Way to testify our Gratitude for all their Kindness.

Having a little recovered our Fatigue, *Clodius* hastened to convey us to his Castle, which stood in the midst of *Sardinia*, encompassed with many Lordships of his own: A Place truly magnificent, having been in former Times the Palace Royal of the Kings of *Sardinia*. Here we had all Things necessary for my Sex and Quality; but the Thoughts of my being a Prisoner in the Hands of the lewd *Clodius*, and the Loss of my dear Friend *Scipiana*, together with other sorrowful Reflections, gave me a perpetual Chagrin; which, together with

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the foul Air of *Sardinia*, deprived me of my Health, that I was incapable of returning into my own Country, if *Clodius* would have permitted. Nevertheless, I must do him the Justice to own, that he not only assured me in Words, of all Service, but also performed in Fact; for there was nothing wanting, that might conduce to the Recovery of my Health; even he ceased to persecute me with his Love, leaving me in Repose with *Milena* and those other Women he had given me for Attendance; for to say the Truth, *Clodius* is not ill-natured, only his extravagant Conduct in some Things has so far lost his Reputation, as may be very hardly retrieved.

After many Weeks Sickness, I began at last to recover. I walked into the Park which joined to the House, where there are many Groves, Grottos, and Fountains, fine Walks of Trees, Marble Statues, and rare carved Work. At my first going out, I went to a Fountain of *Diana*, a Place I had before frequented, to implore the Protection of this Deity. Approaching the Place, which is invironed and covered over with Trees, I saw lying, as it were, at the Feet of the Goddess, a gallant Person asleep, who at the Noise of our Entry awaked, and seeming all surprized, cast himself at my Feet, saying, If you be the Guardian Goddess of this Place, forgive my

intruding into your Retirement, accept of my Devotions, and favour me with your divine Protection and Assistance. I was surprized at these his Expressions, and stood in a little Pause what to answer. In the mean time, *Milena* looking well upon him, knew him to be *Fabius*, and he as soon knew her to be *Milena*, and asked her for her Lady *Scipiana*, in Search of whom he had left *Italy*, and was come into *Sardinia*, in Hopes to hear News of her, or at least to be revenged on *Clodius* for his having assassinated him in the Streets of *Rome*. Whereupon *Milena* gave him a brief Account how we had been carried away by *Clodius*; and how we, together with *Scipiana*, were forced on the Waves, by means of Fire taking the Ship: And as she was about to proceed to the Means and Manner of our getting thither, *Clodius* came, I suppose thinking to congratulate my going abroad. At the Sight of him, *Fabius* was so transported, that he drew, and ran violently upon him, saying, he would now deliver the World of a Monster; so gave him a very desperate Wound, before *Clodius* could put himself in any Posture of Defence: which was a Rashness *Fabius* would not have been guilty of, had he had a generous vertuous Opposite; but the unworthy Actions of *Clodius* had deprived him of the Right of a fair Combat. This Accident

cident forced a Passage to our Cries, and immediately a Number of *Clodius's* Servants came, and took their Master to his Bed, and *Fabius* to Prison, his Man also, who was on the other Side the Park-Wall with the Horses he brought to the Castle to serve his Master. *Clodius's* Wound confined him long to his Bed, and was so bad, that the Surgeons despaired of his Recovery. Wherefore he sent for me, and begged my Pardon for all that had passed ; charged the Master of his Household, that if he died, to see me convey'd safe to my Father, and to give *Fabius* his Liberty, saying, that he had well deserved what he had received from him, even Death ; and many other Words, testifying Kindness to us, and sincere Repentance for all his Crimes and Follies.

In the mean Time, *Fabius*, by Means of his Imprisonment, and the ill Air of *Sardinia*, fell sick ; for which *Clodius* seemed very sorry, and engaged me to go to him, and assure him of all Kindness from *Clodius*, and to conjure him, on his Behalf, to neglect nothing that might conduce to his Recovery. When I was with him, he told me this Honour I did him was capable not only to cure, but even raise him from the Dead. For I believè (continued he) the chief Cause of my Sickness to proceed from the Want of your Presence. These

Words a little displeased me, as supposing them unsuitable to our unhappy Circumstances; so that I was under a little Pause, not knowing readily what to reply. Therefore he added, 'Tis true, Madam, I have not had one Moment's Repose since I first saw you at the Fountain. Pardon, (continued he,) this my abrupt Declaration, which I should not have made, if Sickness did not partly force me; for it is such as I have Reason to think may take me out of the World; and I shall die much more satisfied, since you are informed I die your most faithful and passionate Lover. To which I replied, that I had very hard Fortune to be the Object of Courtship to all false and inconstant Pretenders. If (said I) there be no Truth in your Sex, there ought to be Honour in your Quality, or at least Respect to mine. Adieu, Sir, your Discourse is very displeasing.

Being returned to my own Apartment, I reflected with Anger on what had passed, examining my own Conduct and Behaviour, but could find nothing that might thus expose me to Courtship, and make me the Mistress to so many false Pretenders. *Marcellus*, *Clodius*, and now *Fabius*, who seemed to me the most unpardonable, thus to abuse the Charms of the bright *Scipiana*, and affront her in thus offering a
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false Amour to me her Friend ; and this from *Fabius*, the worthy, noble, vertuous *Fabius*, that he should be false to his Love, false to the most vertuous of her Sex, and his Kinswoman ; and in so doing transgress his Duty to his noble Parents, who authorized this Affection by their unanimous Consent and Approbation.

In these kind of Thoughts I passed the Night. Next Morning *Almon's* Man came to speak with *Milena*, telling her how cruelly his Master resented my severe Deportment ; and therefore begged of her to gain me, if possible, to come once more to him, to give him Opportunity to beg my Pardon. This she represented to me in a Manner so touching, that I could not defend myself from her Importunities. When I entered his Chamber, I know not whether by Means of his Weakness, or Surprise of my Presence, but he fainted quite away. After a while, being come to himself, he said the Gods would not permit him to leave this World, without asking Pardon, though (continued he) I have little Hopes of obtaining it, not being able to repent ; for it is less in my Power to cease from loving you, than Heaven or my own Happiness ; therefore Pardon must proceed from your own Goodness. Be not cruel, Madam, to your dying Lover ; dying not in Fancy, but in real Fact ; pity the weak

State to which I am reduced by Sickneſs and hard Fortune, and let that Pity excite you to pardon the raſh Declaration I made of my Love, and abandon me not to your Scorn and Anger. I know not what Answer to make, (replied I,) in theſe your weak Circumſtances, only beg you to remember, that *Marcellus* on my Part, and *Scipiana* on yours, ought to be the chief Object of our Affections, and Bound of all our amorous Inclinations. The Gods, and *Scipiana* herſelf, were ſhe here, (replied he) could witneſs, that our Love was rather the Effect of Duty to our Parents, than any eſſential Being it had in our Souls; nor was I ever ſenſible of its divine Authority, 'till your Eyes brought me in Subjection: Not but that I have a true Veneration for my Couſin *Scipiana's* Perfections, and throughly convinced of the Excellence of filial Duty; nevertheleſs, our Paſſions not being in our Power, we cannot always comply with our Parents Election. This is an unſeaſonable Diſcourſe, (replied I,) at preſent; therefore I beg you to defer it, at leaſt, 'till the Recovery of your Health and our Liberty, and then we ſhall ſee which way Providence and our wiſe Parents will diſpoſe Things. In the mean time, I beg you to quiet your Mind by a true Reſignation to the Will of Gods; and, at preſent, give me Leave to retire,

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for your weak State requires Repose. These Words he received with some Satisfaction, and endeavoured to apply them to the Recovery of his Health, in the mean time sending *Almon* frequently to entertain *Milena* on the Subject of his Affection.

When *Clodius* was a little recovered of his Wound, he came to visit *Fabius*, and told him, that since *Scipiana*, the Object of their Enmity was absent, he desired they might be perfect Friends, forgiving each other what was past, and living in good Intelligence for the future ; and as I shall be ready to render you all Service, (continued *Clodius*,) so I hope to receive reciprocal Obligations from you, in particular, in what I am about to propose.

Be pleased to know, that in consideration of you and Justice, I have overcome my Passion for *Scipiana*, as belonging to you by Right of her Father's Donation ; that if the Gods have spared her, I shall never more dispute her with you, but shall for ever direct all my Vows to the adorable *Jemella*, and desire you to persuade her on my Behalf ; for the Reputation you have acquired of Virtue and Wisdom, may entitle you to be her Counsellor ; and whatsoever you shall assert to her of the Sincerity of my Affection, or the Reformation of my Life, I shall make good in fact, for I profess I begin to be weary of my loose debauched
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Way of living. I should think myself happy, (replied *Fabius*,) to serve and join with you in a mutual Friendship; but you are mistaken in thinking the Object of our Dispute absent in the Person of *Scipiana*; for I assure you, she has no other Share in my Heart than that of a Friend or Relation; but *Jemella* is the only Beauty I do or ever shall adore. Is it possible, (replied *Clodius*,) that one of your Character, the wise and vertuous *Fabius*, should be inconstant in his Love; I know Fortune has been liberal of her Favours of that Kind towards me, but I little thought of finding a Companion in you; nevertheless I love you for it; but withal love myself so well as to secure you from doing me any Injury. Wherefore he kept *Fabius* a closer Prisoner than before, and prohibited all Correspondence between *Almon* and *Milena*; in the mean time he persecuted me with his Courtship, which was to me extremely displeasing. *Fabius*, no doubt, found himself unhappy enough under this his strict Restraint; nor could we hope for an End of this our Misfortune, it being impossible for us to advertise our Friends or the Senate of this our Confinement.

Fabius walking one Day in his Chamber, reflecting on his Misfortune, he perceived the Floor in one Part to give a more hollow Sound than the other; wherefore to

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satisfy his Curiosity, *Almon* and he found Means to get up those Planks, where they found Steps, by which they descended a great Depth into an arched Vault, which led them far under Ground. As they passed on, they came to a little Rivulet, which ran cross the Vault, whose Murmur made a kind of strange and dreadful Noise as it passed that hollow Cavity. At first they thought this Brook would have put a Period to their Passage; but, upon Search, they found it fordable, and the Vault to extend itself a great way beyond, 'till at last they came to Steps, which mounted a vast Height, but when they were got to the Top, they were surprized to find over their Heads a flat Board; but after a little Observation they found the Board to give Way, and lifted up in manner of a Trap-Door. They entering, found themselves in the midst of a vast Image of *Hercules*, which is placed directly over the Altar in his Temple. In the back part of this monstrous Figure was a Passage into the Priest's Lodging, where they found him in his Bed fast asleep, it being Night when they undertook this Enterprize. By this Adventure they guessed at the Cheat of those Priests, who amused the People with their own Frauds, making them pass for divine Oracles: For this Castle of *Clodius* was formerly the Palace-Royal of the Kings of *Sardinia*;

Sardinia; and the Vault, no doubt, had been a secret Passage for the Priests to the King's Closet, there to know of him what they should make the Oracle deliver to the People: but these Abuses being removed by the Wisdom of our *Roman* Government, the said Passage was forgot, at least never known to *Clodius*. But to return to *Fabius* and *Almon*. They, without Noise or waking the Priest, returned quietly to their Lodging, and there considered what Use they might make of this Discovery.

They resolved upon making an Escape; but seeing no Possibility of having me with them, *Fabius* resolved to stay himself, and only send *Almon* to try his Wits and Fortune to get through the Priest's Lodgings, which they put in Execution the first Opportunity; *Almon* being to feign himself *Mercury*, and sent from the Gods with their Benediction to the Priest, with a little Purse of Gold, as a Recompence of his Devotion, or rather to pay his Passage thro' his House; for the Golden Key can open all Locks, and break thro' all Barriers.

Three or four Days passed without any Noise or Suspicion of what had happened. Then *Clodius* having been a Hunting, and a little fatigued, returned by the House of the said Priest, where he went in a little to refresh himself. The Priest being full of Joy and Extacy, could not contain

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from revealing to *Clodius* this extraordinary Favour of the Gods: But *Clodius* having more Wit than Devotion, interrogated the Priest much about it; and by the Description he gave, fancied it must needs be *Almon*, escaped by some Stratagem of *Fabius*; and being impatient to know the Truth, as soon as he got Home, went directly to the Apartment of *Fabius*, where missing *Almon*, he was convinced of what he before suspected; but politickly dissembling the same, said to *Fabius*, Notwithstanding that you are my Rival, and in my Possession, having Power to retain you Prisoner, or put you to Death, nevertheless I am willing to give you Liberty, not doubting but that you will in requital resign to me *Jemella*. *Fabius* thanked him for the offered Kindness of his Liberty; but withal assured him, that the principal Use he would make of it, should be to the Service of *Jemella*. Therefore (continued he) if you will render this Action truly generous, give *Jemella* her Liberty also, and then let us try whose Vows and Services will be most acceptable. At that rate, replied *Clodius*, I shall be sure to be the Loser: For that Reputation of Vertue, which the World has bestowed on you, will as surely give you that Advantage against me, as Flattering the People gives a Man the Consular Dignity against a Person

son of greater Merit. But 'tis no matter (continued he) if it be so, she is not the first Mistress I have lost by an hundred, and I hope will not be the last by a thousand; then let us go together to her, and see if she will be content to go with us into *Italy*. Thus they came to me, *Clodius* making the agreeable Proposal, desiring me to pardon what was past, and be his Advocate to my Father and the Senate. This generous good Offer I thought ought not to be slighted, he being able to defend himself against all the Power of *Rome*, (at least a considerable Time) the whole Country of *Sardinia* being at his Devotion, or indeed at the Devotion of any one that would deliver them from their *Roman* Conquerors. So, not knowing what might happen, or what Violence he might be tempted to use upon us, when besieged, distressed, and hopeless of Pardon; wherefore I complied with this Profer, and in consideration of the handsome Treatment I had received whilst I was there, promised him an Act of Friendship in my Power. Thus we came together without any considerable Adventure, 'till we arrived at this Port, and became happy in finding all this good Company.

Femella having finished her Discourse, the Ladies returned her Thanks, and all addressed themselves to Night's Repose.

BOOK

B O O K IV.

AMONG this Number of happy Persons, let us not forget the fair *Cordiala*, who, by *Scipiana's* Generosity, was accomodated with all Necessaries to imbellish her beautiful Person, which shined with such Lustre, as soon struck the Eyes and Heart of the Youth *Ismenus*, who took all Opportunities to make her understand his Inclinations: And such was his Wit, Mien, and Person, that his Endeavours were not fruitless; for, unawares to her, a secret Affection took Root, and grew in her Heart, too deep for any Endeavours to eradicate; nevertheless, her Prudence and Modesty concealed it most carefully, and especially from *Ismenus*, making Passion submit to Reason, which taught her to refuse and avoid an Espousal, where their mutual Poverty could produce nothing but Misery. But this Reservedness served only to fan the Flame of *Ismenus*; for as her Beauty gave Birth to his Love, so her Discretion created his Esteem, and both united in a vertuous and sincere Affection. He learned by her Carriage to distinguish between the *African* Facility in *Emilia*, and the

the *European* Modesty in *Cordiala*; one serving to nauseate and overcharge the Stomach of the Lover, the other to excite a constant Appetite. And it is certain nothing so charms the Heart of Man as Modesty in Woman: this being the Beauty of the Mind, exceeds that of the Body, and remains when the other perishes. One gains a Victory, but the other wholly subdues: which the young *Ismenus* experienced every Moment in the Person and Behaviour of the fair *Cordiala*; for whensoever he accosted her, he forced both her Tongue and Eyes to give her Heart the Lie, fearing to embark herself on those dangerous Seas of amorous Intrigues, without Friend or Parent for her Guide or Pilot; that whenever *Ismenus* found Opportunity to assert his Passion, she always left him in a desponding State, and on the Brink of the worst of Precipices Despair. Then would he reflect on his hard Fortune, wishing the Gods had made him less amorous, or her less fair. O ye eternal Powers! (would he say to himself,) why am I the only Object of your Anger, among all this happy Company of Lovers? Wherein have I offended your Divinities, that I am thus the Object of your Punishment in her Scorn? Am I disregarded, and not protected by you, because I am not born great? Oh, no, that were incongruous with your Justice, since I direct all

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all my Actions and Intentions to vertuous and honourable Ends; and my Love to *Cordiala* is because she bears so true a Resemblance to your Perfections. But perhaps *Cordiala* is too bright and perfect to be looked on by the Eyes of the unworthy *Ismenus*; she is made for some great Lord, and to be the Mother of a Race of Heroes. Thus did *Ismenus* pass his Moments in amorous Fancies, between Fears and amorous Longings, Hope having but a small Share of his solitary Thoughts.

Nor were the whole Company without their respective Fears and Apprehensions: The Presence of *Fabius* and *Jemella* caused great Agitations in the Hearts of *Exilius*, *Scipiana*, *Clelia*, and *Marcellus*.

In fine, the Hearts of all this illustrious Company were surcharged with the Business of their respective Amours; except *Clodius*, who had been so lavish of his Love, that he was now become bankrupt, and had neither Mistress nor Intrigue wherewith to divert himself: but by the Blessing of his Stars he does not remain so long; for *Clelia*, being careful to enquire daily after the Health of *Libidinia*, was informed, that now she was so well recovered, that she intended very shortly to pay her Respects to that illustrious Company. When *Clodius* heard of *Libidinia*, he said the Gods had brought him thither in the lucky Moment; For (said he)
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she was my first Mistress, and perhaps shall be my last; for I will catch her in a Marriage-Noose, if possible; in which State I shall have Opportunity to be revenged of her: She deserves no better than such a loose-hung Lover as myself, she having taken large Liberties of that Kind; for it was to me she first gave her Faith, and afterwards, by the Persuasion of her Friends, was married to *Aurelius*. This her Infidelity instructed me in the Rudiments of Falshood, in which I have made such Proficiency, that I dare challenge a Trial of Skill with her, or any false She in *Europe*. Therefore, Widow, when thou comest, thou must have thy own Genius and nine Devils more to help thee if thou escape.

But we will leave these happy Lovers and Friends to divert themselves with the Rallery of *Clodius*, and conduct our Reader to search after the Body of *Turpius*, which has been so long time lost and lamented by his Daughter the beautiful *Clarinthia*.



BOOK

B O O K V.

THE Servant of *Turpius*, who had escaped the Hands of *Asiaticus*, returning after he and *Clarinthia* were gone, found the Body of his Master, which was not quite dead; wherefore he did all he could to restore him to Life, which soon proved effectual. When he was thoroughly come to himself, he commanded the Servant to keep the Secret, and feign an Interment, as if he had been really dead; and in the mean time absconded, taking Measures to make his Friends use all Endeavours to take and apprehend *Asiaticus*, as the Murderer of *Turpius* and Ravisher of *Clarinthia*: but he, as before specified, secured himself from their Malice.

As soon as *Turpius* was able to stir abroad he resolved to go into *Sicily*, being informed by the said Servant, who kept Correspondence with *Valerius*, that *Clarinthia* was there with *Asbella*. He resolved to conclude the Marriage between her and *Valerius*, and put them in possession of his Lordships in *Italy*, whilst he should spend the Remainder of his Days with his beloved *Asbella* in *Sicily*.

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But when he came there, he found not *Clarinthia*, she being escaped the preceeding Day, which very much afflicted him; and making Reflections by little and little, he began to mistrust *Asbella* and *Valerius*, supposing they had made her away, nor would believe all they could assert to the contrary. Wherefore he resolved to go to *Rome*, and there take Measures contrary to what he had designed before. Whether *Asbella* perceiving or suspecting, she thought it best to assure herself and her Son of his Estate before she parted with his Person, and therefore kept him within the Confines of his Castle. This Proceeding enraged him to the highest Degree, and confirmed him in the Opinion he had of their Cruelty towards *Clarinthia*. But then again, in his Anger and Despair, he would say to himself, I ought not to impute this Crime to them; it is myself, Horror of Nature as I am, it is I that am the Author of her Loss, miserable abominable Monster! a Burden to the Earth, unworthy of Heaven, and afraid of Hell. O *Clarinthia*, *Clarinthia*, beautiful *Clarinthia*! the perfect Pourtrait of thy bright and vertuous Mother, thy Loss is irreparable, and thy untimely Death a Misery insupportable. O Wretch that I was! to give myself to the Embraces of a Prostitute, and break my Marriage Vows to the best and fairest of her Sex, and then project

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an incestuous Marriage betwixt my only lawful Offspring and the Son of my Lewdness; and, as if these had been but petty Crimes, attempt the most detestable in Nature, on the Chastity of my own Child, that now I am justly the Object of Heaven's Vengeance, and a Prey to this lewd Woman's Tyranny. I am without Power or Friend to help or deliver me; I have nothing but Horror and Lamentation to accompany me, and inward Regret to torment me. Thus he spent his Hours in Complaints and Anxiety of Mind; and, for an Augmentation of his Affliction, *Asabella* incessantly importuned him to make a Settlement of his Estate on *Valerius*, at the same time assuring him of his Liberty; which at last so provoked him, that with Difficulty he restrained himself from doing her Violence; but turning himself to go from her, his Tongue disburthened the Anxiety of his Mind in most violent Maledictions. Cursed Woman! (said he) may the Pestilence and filthy Maladies seize thee, 'till thou be scorned and loathed by all the World; may all Misery and Misfortune accompany thee, the Devils and Despair pursue and overtake thee, Hell and Damnation meet thee, and a thousand other Curses attend thee to all Eternity. Thus did this unhappy Lord add Crimes to his Afflictions, and Sin to his Sorrows,

by his Rage and Impatience. *Asbella*, on the other Side, with an hypocritical Complaisance, pretended to soften and compassionate his Sufferings, saying, My Lord, what have I done, thus to be the Object of your Anger and Reproach? Or rather, what have I not done, that might contribute to your Satisfaction? Did I not waste my Youth in your Love, and prostrate mine Honour to your Embraces? Was I not always faithful and constant to you, a true Friend and Confident of all your most secret Thoughts? And above all, though a Lady born to great Riches, yet as subject and obedient to all your Desires and Commands, as if I had been dependant on your Bounty. It is very hard, that I should now be the Object of your Anger, for no other Cause but endeavouring to make you happy, by keeping you within the Reach of my Embraces. Had Queen *Dido* done so by her *Trojan* Hero, Despair and Death had not been her only Refuge. My Lord, (continued she,) be not cruel to yourself and me, but endeavour to compose your Spirits, and calm those Storms, which Mistakes have raised in your Breast; in order to which, I will fetch you a little Cordial, that may moderate your Fury, by procuring you some gentle Slumbers. So, going to her Closet, she brought him a certain Draught, which she desired him to

take

take as a Cordial to restore his Quiet. Yes, (said he) I doubt not that it will be an assured Remedy of all my Misfortunes in this World, by sending me to the next. I question not its Efficacy, being it comes from thy Hand, Serpent as thou art; however I will take it, to be delivered from thy Tyranny. But as he began to drink thereof, his Mind changed; wherefore taking the Cup from his Mouth, he threw it and the Poison therein full in her Face. In the mean time *Valerius* came in, and was surprized at all this Disorder; for *Turpius* began to be sensible of the Strength of the Poison, though he had taken but very little; and it had already seized *Asbella's* Brain, that she lay raving on the Floor like a miserable Wretch, such as her own Crimes had made her, a sad Spectacle of the Vengeance of Heaven.

Valerius, as Duty obliged him, took all possible Care of them both, and got the best Physicians to their Aid, by whose Care and Skill they escaped Death, though they laboured under long Sicknefs, and became much disfigured; for *Asbella* became deaf and blind, and lost all her Teeth; *Turpius* lost his Teeth, Hair, and Nails. Thus just Heaven takes care to punish human Crimes, and teaches us our Duty by our Sufferings. *Asbella's* Eyes, that gave Way to loose Glances and alluring Looks, are now only

E 2

Blindnefs

100 EXILIUS; or,

Blindness and Deformity; and her Ears, that were open to the soft Whispers of unlawful Love, are now shut from all Conversation, and debarred of the Employment for which they were created; and *Turpius*, whose handsome Person and graceful Mein had deluded not only *Asbella*, but divers others, was now a miserable Spectacle of Deformity. However, in this Condition *Valerius* thought it necessary to keep *Turpius* in his Apartment, 'till Time should a little restore him to his proper Figure; but withal, supposing Air necessary for his Recovery, put him into that Lodging were *Clarinthia* had been, for the Benefit of the adjacent Balcony. As *Turpius* was here walking one Day, with his Heart oppressed with Sorrow, and his Head with Madness and Despair, the only Companions his wicked Life had provided to entertain him in his Solitude and Misfortune, he saw a little Vessel sailing so near the Castle, that he could call and beckon to the Sailors, who approaching near, he threw himself over the Banisters into the Sea. The Ship's Crew took him up with all speed half dead with the Plunge; nevertheless, he soon came to himself, and as soon knew the Master of the Ship to be his ancient Enemy *Mecos*; and *Mecos* in a little time remembered *Turpius*, notwithstanding the great Change his late Sickness had made in him.

him. Their first Surprize being over, *Turpius* said, Without doubt the Gods have brought me to receive Punishment from thy Hands, without which their Justice could not be perfect: I confess my Crimes have deserved the most rigorous Chastisement which Thou, my greatest Enemy, canst inflict; then here take thy full Revenge. So opening his Breast, begged *Mecos* to sheath his Sword in his Heart. No, (replied *Mecos*) though thou deservest Death, yet I will not be thine Executioner, being a Wretch more wicked than thyself; and as Wolves and Serpents agree among themselves, it is but natural for thou and I to live in good Intelligence; therefore tell me whither thou wouldest go, and I will conduct thee, or what other Service I can render. Alas, (replied *Turpius*,) I scarce know how to thank thee for thy kind Offer, nor what Use to make of it; for I am a wretched Monster, the Odium of Mankind. However, if you will put me on Shore near the House of *Publius Scipio*, it is all I desire. That is the Place, (replied *Mecos*,) to which I am bound, therefore we will go together.

In short, these two Persons arrived, without any Obstacle, to the said Place, where they found all this Company of happy Friends and Lovers, and among them *Clarinthia*, which was a joyful Surprize to

her Father; and though he was extremely changed, she knew him; and falling at his Feet, begged him to pardon her if she had done any thing to offend him. Rise, rise, my dear Child, said *Turpius*, for it is I, thy guilty Father, which ought to be in that Posture, begging Pardon of the Gods and all the World, and in particular of thee, my dear *Clarithia*: Thou hast done nothing to displease me, thou hast been all Vertue and Obedience, thy bright Soul is all Perfection and Purity; then pity and pardon this thy unhappy Father: Then both embracing, testified their mutual Tenderness in a Shower of Tears, 'till *Publius Asiaticus*, and others of the Company, interrupted them with their Welcomes and kind Addresses to *Turpius*.

In the mean time, *Exilius* and *Scipiana*, regarding *Mecos* a little stedfastly, knew him to be the Pirate that had taken and sold them into *Egypt*; and he likewise knew them, and casting himself at their Feet, begged Pardon for what was past, assuring them of a true and sincere Repentance; and that it was that hearty and unfeigned Sorrow, which had brought him to offer himself a Sacrifice to the just Anger of my Lord *Publius Scipio*. At which my Lord *Publius* turning toward him, said, I know not wherein thou hast offended me, so as to deserve either Punishment or Pardon.

Pardon. But looking more attentively on him, he remembered him to be his old Acquaintance *Mecos*; whereupon he desired him to relate what had befallen him since he left *Rome*, and how he became reduced to this Condition.

THE
H I S T O R Y
O F
M E C O S.

YOU know, (said *Mecos*,) that I was heretofore one of the richest of the *Roman* Nobility, 'till mine and my Wife's lewd Lives dissipated what the Care and Wisdom of our Ancestors had accumulated. With Shame I may speak it, I think I was one of the greatest Debauchees of my Time, nor was my Wife on her Part less culpable. Among several Gallants which she entertained, *Turpius*, who passed for one of the most infamous of all the Sons of Luxury, was one of her greatest Favourites; and notwithstanding that I often forbade her to see or speak with him, yet so little did he regard my Prohibi-

tion, that she would be with him at Theatres, Balls, Masks, and all other Diversions, whilst I did the same with other Ladies. Thus we led a Life disagreeable to the Gods and our Friends; and though the Diminution of my Estate called loud for a Retrenchment of my Expences, I was deaf to all, and thought to supply my Extravagance by wrecking my poor Tenants, inhancing their Rents, 'till their utmost Endeavours could not supply their Necessities, much less my Luxuries: Though my Stewards represented to me their Industry or Distress, how they passed their Days in Labour, and their Nights in Care, neither drinking the Fruit of their Vines, nor eating the best of their Corn; their Clothes, the Offal of their Flocks, coarsly wrought up by the Labour of their Hands; yet all not capable to help them through those Oppressions I laid upon them. My Severity minded not the Widows Tears, nor Orphans Cries; the Sighs of Husbands groaning in Prisons, and the Petitions of Wives supplicating on their Behalf, penetrated not; I considered no-body's Wants but my own, and thought myself in Necessity, if I had not an Affluence even to Riot and Luxury: that by degrees my Lordships became abandoned, few caring to be my Tenants; that for want of annual Revenues I was forced to sell the Lands, 'till my Affairs
fell

fell to such Extremity, as were past Retrieve. I went into the Country among my Lordships, where I found nothing but Misery and Ruin, which caused me to return sooner than my Family expected; and going directly into my Chamber, I found *Turpius* in Bed with my Wife. This enraging Sight I could not bear, but ran on him with the utmost Violence; but he being nimble escaped, and all my Fury fell upon her, for with my Sword I killed her in her Bed. This Accident, joined to the other distressed Circumstances, made me betake myself to Flight, partly to avoid the Vengeance of her Friends, but chiefly the more insupportable Punishment of that Poverty my Extravagance had brought upon me. I took my Son with me, believing him to be my own, he being born before my Wife betook herself to that lewd Life; but my little Daughter I left to the Hazard of Fortune. As I passed through a little Street behind the Garden of *Publius Scipio*, the Back-Gate being open, and the little *Scipio* playing there, and his Attendants at a distance from him, I took him up under my Cloak, and carried him away. The Child went pleased and smiling, as knowing me very well, being one that frequented his Father's House. I knowing he would be a good Booty in *Africa*, went directly thither, and there sold him to *Amilcar*

a *Carthaginian* Lord, who gave him to his Son *Hannibal*, where I suppose he remains at this Day in quality of a Page. At these Words *Ismenus* interrupted him, saying, that he was mistaken, forasmuch as *Hannibal* had no *Roman*, Bond nor Freeman, except himself : Whereupon *Publius* looking upon him with Attention, beheld in him the lovely Features of his beauteous Mother, and said, if this be my Son, the lovely *Scipio* which I lost, he has an Eagle spread on his Breast. True, (replied *Mecos*) the lovely Boy I sold had that Mark ; whereupon *Ismenus* opening his Breast, shewed them the Eagle. This Discovery was no less grateful than surprising to all the Company, but chiefly to *Publius*, who received and embraced him with all the tender Caresses of an overjoyed Father ; and all the Company, by his Example expressed their Joy and Satisfaction, according to their different Relation they had to this lovely Object of their Endearments. After the first Efforts of their Kindness, they began to reflect on several Passages ; how *Emilia* had taken the Picture of *Asiaticus* to have been the Pourtraiture of *Ismeneus*, which no doubt resembled him very much, it having been drawn when *Asiaticus* was of his Age ; and likewise how *Exilius* took him for *Scipiana*, when dressed in Woman's Clothes, at their meeting in the Cave ; for
it

it is certain, never did Brother and Sister more resemble each other than did these; to wit, *Asiaticus*, *Ismenus*, and *Scipiana*. After a little Time was passed on these Reflections, *Mecos*, at the Desire of *Publius*, returned to his Story.

Having, (said *Mecos*,) vended my pretty Merchandize at *Carthage*, I went for *Egypt*, where I placed my Son in an Academy of good Education at *Alexandria*, and betook myself to Piracy, taking upon me the Name of *Marinus*. In this wicked Occupation I throve so well, that in a little time I became Master of a Fleet of these rapacious Wretches, they all owning me for their Admiral. Among many other Prizes which my wicked Hands took, it was my Fortune to light on this noble Couple, *Exilius* and *Scipiana*, whose Adventures I suppose you have had at large from themselves. My Son, whom I told you I left at *Alexandria*, made so good Proficiency in his Studies and Exercises, that he made himself an accomplished Gentleman; so that by Degrees, with the Help of Friends, he got to be Captain in the King's Guard, in the Place of *Exilius*, after he was put in Prison. But the Gods were pleased to punish all my Crimes in the Person of my Son; for he had enjoyed this Honour but a very small time, when passing one Evening in the Street, he was assassinated

in his Chariot; but before he died, he engaged me to quit this wicked way of Living, and to go ask Pardon of *Publius Scipio*, and inform him of the Adventures of his Daughter, and where I had left his Son. And now, my Lord, behold me at your Feet, not only as a Criminal, but a real Penitent, asking Pardon both of you and Heaven with all Sincerity and Submission.

I am always ready, (replied *Publius*,) to pardon my Enemies; and I will not only forgive, but gratify thee; for as you have rendered me a Son, so I will present you with a Daughter, whom you left to the Risk of Fortune: She is here with me, the Governess of my Family: For when the Senate disposed of your Estate for the Payment of your Debts, my Wife, who was all Vertue and Goodness, took your Daughter Home to her, giving her a noble Education: Thus did her Bounty toward thy Child enhance the Odium of thy Wickedness toward her's. But may the Gods pardon thee freely as I do. Then calling *Artemesia*, presented her to *Mecos*, saying, Behold in her your own Figure; you have no Cause to doubt her being your own Child, she bears so great Resemblance to your Lordship. At which *Mecos* embraced her with much Joy and Tenderneſs, as also the rest of the Company presented their Congratulations with great Satisfaction, which was interrupted by the coming in of Dinner.

B O O K VI.

DINNER was scarce ended, when *Libidinia*, who was very well recovered, came to visit the Ladies. After they had congratulated the Restoration of her Health, *Clodius* advanced, telling her, that he was not only glad to find her in good Health, but in Prosperity, and freed from the Fetters of a prudent Husband, the Curb of good Humour, and Bridle of Mirth, the Clog of Wit, and Bar to all Diversion; from these and many other Restraints the Gods have delivered you, in taking from you the discreet *Aurelius*, and brought to you a more suitable Match, the wild, loose, lewd *Clodius*, who is ready to be again your Lover, and in time your Husband: Trust me, Madam, I find great Charms in the Riches of *Aurelius*, as well as in the Beauty of his Widow; both are irresistible, and I hope, Madam, you will find the same Agreement in me, which heretofore did not displease you; then let us never baulk our Fancies, but marry speedily; no matter for the Proverb of repenting leisurely, for that I am sure we shall never do: for we shall understand the
World

110 EXILIUS; or,

World and ourselves so well, as never to be displeased at what Company each other keeps, or what Diversions engage our Time, or where we spend our Money: No, no, we will be easy to ourselves and to each other. Truly, (replied *Libidinia*,) you would be easy to me if you would cease this Ramble of Words, and remember what Respect is due to the illustrious Company, if you think none due to me. She was about to proceed, but *Scipiana* interposed, begging her not to take notice with Displeasure of *Clodius's* Rallery, but remember what he had suffered in consideration of her being married to *Aurelius*, when he expected the Happiness himself; so begged her to consider how to repair those his Sufferings.

Whilst they were in this Discourse, *Cordiala* walked out into the Grove, there, in Solitude, to meditate on the late Change in the Circumstances of *Ismenus*, well knowing herself too low in Quality and Fortune ever to marry a *Scipio*, nevertheless found it impossible to disengage her Heart from those tender Sentiments the lovely Youth had infused. O cruel Passion, (said she to herself,) that in Spite of all Endeavours subjects us to thy Tyranny; yet I am happy in this, *Scipio* knows not what Power he has over me, nor ever shall; I will dye rather than discover my Folly. O poor *Cordiala*,
unhappy

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unhappy Maid! what wild Meanders of
strange and hard Adventures has Fortune
marked out for thy Vertue to trace; what
strange Vicissitudes hast thou encountered
in the short Space of thy Life; yet short as
it is, it had been happy for thee if it had
pleased the Gods to have abridged it, and
taken me out of the World e'er I had be-
held this lovely Object of my pleasing Pain.
Yesterday I thought him the Morning-Star
of my Hopes, ushering in the bright Dawn
of some Happiness: But when he became
illustrated with the Glories of his House,
and the poor *Ismenus* encircled with the
Rays of a *Scipio*, his Brightness then extin-
guished all my Hopes, and cast me into the
Abyss of deep Despair. And now that all
Hopes are extinguished, my fond Desires
ought to die with them: But, alas! so
firm a Possession has Love taken of my
Heart, as is not in my Power to eject. O
ye Gods! why did you permit me to see
and love him in his low Condition? Had
I never seen him, 'till refulgent with the
bright Rays of his Family, his Glories had
been too dazling for one in my low Sphere
to have looked upon, but at a vast Distance,
amongst the admiring Crowd, have run to
see him pass by, and there to have re-
spected him as a Hero, equal to a Demi-
God. What Madness is it then for me, a
Thing so mean, to think on him, but as one
of

of the Lords of Mankind, above the Reach of vulgar Thoughts ! Yet so it is, I must not only think of him, but infinitely love him. He is the only Object of my Tenderness ; my Eyes never taught my Heart to make Distinction 'till they beheld *Ismenus*. All the Gallants of *Rome*, and Youths of *Sicily*, were to me alike indifferent. I thought Misfortunes had hardened my Heart to such a Temper, as not to love beyond the Degree of Friendship ; but, poor Girl ! how suddenly didst thou become inflexible ! the first Onset of his Eyes subjected my Heart to Love's imperial Commands : Methinks I could live on the Remembrance of that dear Moment, when a gentle Look and a soft Sigh forced their Passage to my Soul ; which I had almost returned with the like tender Motions, but that I stifled in the Birth such untimely Fruits of my Folly, not suffering my Breast to deliver itself of the Burden of one Sigh ; by which means *Scipio* remains ignorant of my Weakness, for which Conduct I am thankful to Heaven : for had he known it, I could not have outlived the Shame of being deserted by him, which must necessarily have ensued this his elevated State ; for whatsoever Inclination might have whispered to him on my behalf, Duty and Honour would command, and are such imperious Mistresses as must and ought to be

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be obeyed. Then, O ye Gods! be so kind to me as you were to the Nymphs of old, and turn me into a Tree in this Grove, where perhaps *Scipio* may admire me in that Form or Species, and carve some Love-Verses on my Bark, sing and whisper gentle Airs, which the Wind joining with my rustling Leaves will reverberate, and so make a happy Consort of our mutual Loves. And if my thick Shade shelter him from the Sun or Rain, how pleased should I be in rendering him that Service! But, O ye Gods, if he should bring some fair She, Daughter of a mighty Lord, and underneath the Umbrage of my extended Branches court and languish at her Feet, then should I die, my Leaves wither, and my Trunk rot with Indignation. Then rather let me follow the Fate of that babbling Nymph whom your Pity turned into a Voice, and I will also follow this my *Narcissus*; and when vast Armies and glorious Triumph shall with loud Applause shout forth the Name of *Scipio*, then is my Time to serve his Fame, by echoing, *Scipio, Scipio, Scipio*, 'till his Name pierce the Clouds, and make even the Gods jealous of his rising Glories. Thus did this virtuous Maid entertain her roving Thoughts in this her solitary Walk, 'till *Scipio*, who was full of Agitation of Mind, also came into those Walks, and there met her, the
Object.

Object of his Tenderneſs, to whom he addreſſed himſelf, ſaying, That ſince the Gods had been propitious to him in the Advancement of his Condition, he hoped ſhe would now ceaſe her Rigour: For, (ſaid he,) I proteſt by all that's good, the chief Satisfaction I take in this my Advancement, is the Hopes that it will render me the more worthy Object of your Conſideration, and gives me Occaſion to teſtify the Sincerity of my Affection; inasmuch as no Change of Fortune is capable to change my Sentiments towards my lovely Maid: Then teſtify the Acceptance of this my offered Love by one gentle Look or Smile; let me hope that I am not wholly indifferent to you. Alas! (replied *Cordiala*,) thoſe Reaſons you enforce, to oblige me to correſpond with your amorous Pretenſions, ought to be employed to juſtify my Refuſal. It is obvious to any Capacity, that the Inequality of our preſent Fortunes muſt needs be a greater Obſtacle than was our mutual Poverty: Then ceaſe to entertain me or your own Fancy on this Subject; for aſſure yourſelf I will never hear, much leſs gratify you: I will not be the Author of your Miſfortunes, nor the Scorn of your Family; I will not cauſe you to diſoblige the beſt of Fathers, nor myſelf become the Oidium of Mankind: Therefore ceaſe, I ſay, to importune me on this Subject. Madam, (replied

(replied *Scipio*,) your Commands to me are sacred, and must be obeyed to the utmost Degree of Possibility; but know this, that although I cease to importune you, I cannot cease to love you: your Perfections are made to be beloved, and chiefly by me; and though you should forbid me ten thousand Times, yet still I must love on. You took possession of my Heart the Moment of our first Interview, and will hold it against all other Assailants, whether Riches, Honours, or any other Beauty. Then since it is impossible to make my Heart cease from sighing Love, and my Mind from thinking Love, my Eyes from languishing, it is vain to command my Tongue to cease from declaring what all my interior Passions dictate. No, rather give me Leave to address my Friends, and obtain not only their Leave but their Assistance to persuade you on my behalf. As he was about to proceed, they discovered *Asiaticus* at the End of the Walk, and seeing him alone, *Scipio* took the Opportunity to go and discourse with him on the Subject of his Passion, begging him to intercede with his Father on his Behalf. This Discourse both surpris'd and displeas'd *Asiaticus*, nevertheless he could not refuse his Importunity, and so promised to do what he could with his Father, tho' he feared it would prove ineffectual; and so left *Scipio* to

to go look for his Father, whilst he returned to the Place where he left *Cordiala*, and there found with her *Clarinthia*, who seating themselves, and discoursing of Things indifferent, they saw a Person at the End of the Walk coming toward them, who they soon perceived to be *Valerius*. As he came near *Clarinthia*, he cast himself at her Feet, begging Pardon of her and Heaven for all the Trouble he had caused her; adding, That he was come on purpose from *Sicily*, and going to *Rome* to enquire after *Turpius*, in hopes he may have gotten thither. If seeking after *Turpius* be your Business, (replied *Clarinthia*,) you will soon find Success, for he is at my Lord *Publius Scipio's* House, whither I will conduct thee.

Valerius humbled himself at the Feet of his Father, who readily received him: *Afiaticus*, at the Request of *Clarinthia*, forgave him: All the Company congratulated his safe Arrival, and obliged him to stay and be a Sharer in the general Happiness, and the Diversions of the coming Night, which was designed for Musick, Mirth, and Feasting. Thus these happy Lovers diverted themselves, in expectation of their Friends from *Rome*, in order to conclude and perfect their Felicity.

But the Gods seldom permit human Happiness to be complete, lest perhaps we should forget them the Donors, and fix our Affections

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Affections too much on these terrestrial Objects; and therefore their all-wise Providence mixes something among our most happy Moments, that may mind us on our Dependance on their Bounty. Wherefore, among this happy Company of Lovers and Friends, the poor *Scipio* was unfortunate, in the Opposition his Father made in the Business of his Amour: For *Publius* received the Information from *Asiaticus* with great Indignation, telling him, that he had rather he had remained still lost, than thus to lose himself, and disgrace his Family, with divers other Rebukes of this Kind: all which were so grievous to him, that all the Diversion of that Night was not capable to infuse one easy Thought in the Heart of *Scipio*. When the Fatigue of Pleasure obliged them to retire to their Repose, he retired only to Inquietude: O ye Gods! (said he to himself,) in what hard Circumstances have you placed me, that I must disobey the most honourable and kind of all Fathers, or violate my Word given to the most vertuous and beautiful of all Maids, and at the same Time render myself the most unhappy of all Mortals! Ah, unhappy *Scipio*! it had been well for me if I had still been ignorant whose Son I was, and only known myself to be the poor *Ismenus*; then might I have loved the fair *Cordiala* without Controul. Yesterday I had no Chain

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Chains to wear but hers, no Commands to obey but the Motion of her Eyes, no Friends to oblige, no Honours to comply with, no Grandeur to seek, no Parents to obey; all was centered in her alone. Ah, the Happiness of Poverty and low Parentage! which gives us that most valuable Jewel of this World's Treasure, Liberty, which the Rich and Great are seldom Masters of, but are fettered with a thousand Impertinences, from which they can no more disengage themselves than I from my unhappy Passion: But why do I call it unhappy? Am I not fortunate, to see and love the finest Thing of the Creation? then why do I make any Doubt or Difficulty? Love on, *Scipio*, love thy beauteous *Cordiala*, and if possible make her wholly thine; such Perfections were never made for less noble Ends than to be Wife to a *Scipio*. But, O the Thoughts of making her wretched, when my Father shall discard us, all my Family scorn us, and the whole World condemn us! With what Face then shall I look on her, whom I have brought to inevitable Ruin. As she is, her Merits may provide her an honourable Marriage with some noble *Roman*, Master of himself, that can make her happy, since I only undo her with my Love. - Then, since one must be miserable, 'tis fit that I sustain the whole Blow alone, and not endeavour to involve her,

her, who has no way been accessory : then be obedient to thy Fathers Commands, and leave this only Object of my Life's Happiness; sacrifice all Satisfaction to the Honour of my Family, and the Repose of *Cordiala*. But, ah! if *Cordiala* should be sensible of those tender Sighs and faithful Vows I have so often repeated to her, where would then be her Ease or Repose? Yesterday I thought I perceived a Sigh struggling in her Breast; but she, cruel to herself and me, stifled it e'er born. Her frequent Blushes and broken Words seemed to testify she spake against the Sentiment of her Heart; that I bribed my foolish Hopes to believe myself not wholly indifferent to her; for Maids, they say, take great care to conceal that Secret from the Knowledge of their Lovers. If it should be thus with *Cordiala*, how could she bear the being deserted by me, or rather the Death of him she loves? for die I must, if not possess her. Ah, cruel Lot! that constrains me, either to live in Disobedience to the best of Fathers, or die, rather than displease him in marrying the best and most beautiful of all her Sex. Assist me, Vertue, to conduct me through this narrow Passage, that I wreck not upon *Scilla* and *Charibdis*. Thus did this young Heart pass his Hours in Chagrin, whilst others enjoyed soft Slumbers.

BOOK VII.

THE agreeable Fatigue of the preceding Night detained this noble Company in their Beds beyond the wonted Hour; only *Valerius* proclaimed his Contempt of Lassitude, by rising before the others, having had his Thoughts employed on the Beauty of *Artimesa*, the fair Daughter of *Mecos*, whose genteel Mien in her dancing that Night, added a Grace to her Person, which in itself was charming. His Mind being agitated therewith, he walked out into the Grove, to gratify his Thoughts in Solitude, and the Contemplation of this pleasing Object: He had not taken many Turns, when his Ears were saluted with the finest Musick, from a Voice singing these Words.

SONG.

*In vain does Nature her free Gifts bestow,
To make us wise or fair;
If Fortune don't her Favours show,
Scorn'd and neglected we may go,
Not worth a Look, much less a Lover's Care.*

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*Or if we should some pitying Eyes command,
Or those of Admiration;
So unendow'd fair Structures stand
Admir'd, but not one helping Hand
Will rescue them from Time's Dilapidation.*

*Then surely vain it is for me to strive
With native Charms or Art;
For Beauty may as well survive
Her Climacteric Twenty-five,
As, without Wealth, to get or keep a Heart.*

Having heard the Song, he was curious to see the Person; and approaching the Place, he found *Artemisa*, to whom he addressed himself, saying, If your Angelic Form yesterday inspired my Thoughts with Admiration, your Seraphick Voice now charms me even to adore you; therefore, Madam, refuse not those Sighs and Vows I shall perpetually offer you as my Life's Guardian; not like those Votaries your Song complains of, who slightly admire, and so pass: No, my Love shall be constant as your Beauties are perfect. Sir, (replied *Artemisa*,) I know not how constant you may think yourself, but to me your Love seems of too hasty a Growth to have taken any great Root in your Heart; moreover, a Declaration without the Consent of my Father, shews a Want of Respect, which ought to be the Foundation of Affection.

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fection. But, perhaps you take your Measures from the unhappy Miscarriages of my Mother, and so take a Freedom of Speech with me her Daughter, without being first authorized by my Father. But be assured, Sir, that although Ignomy on my Mother's Side, and Poverty on my Father's, be all the Portion I have to thank them for, yet I resolve to preserve my filial Devoirs entire; and since my Circumstances are such as exclude me from those Respects due to my Quality, the Object of my Choice ought to be a Virgin Life among *Diana's* Train. *Diana* and all the Gods be my Witnesses, (replied *Valerius*,) my Intentions toward you are vertuous and honourable; nor do I measure your Merits or Inclinations by the Standard of your Parents Actions, no more than I would be condemned for the Faults of my Progenitors. The Truth is, in this Point, our Fortunes hold so just a Proportion, that we cannot upbraid each other with our Relations; therefore certainly we are the most proper for each other's Circumstances: Yes, methinks I see that Heaven has designed it so. I must confess, (replied *Artemisa*,) our Fortunes have a great Resemblance; and what is very remarkable, that our Mothers should be not only both vicious, but both Mistresses to the same Man. Sure *Turpius* in his Youth was a most accomplished Person,

son, that, among the Multitude of his amorous Conquests, he led Captive these two Ladies of Quality. They were about to pursue their Discourse, when they perceived *Scipio* and *Cordiala* coming at the other End of the Walk; wherefore they retired, *Valerius* telling her, that he would endeavour to enfranchise his Discourse, by gaining the Suffrage of her Father.

Cordiala and *Scipio* seating themselves, she told him, that his Sister and Cousin, *Scipiana* and *Clelia*, had promised to give her Letters of Recommendation to their Cousin *Fabiell* in *Egypt*; by the Help of which she hoped to make her Fortune, or at least gain a Livelihood: So thither I intend to direct my Steps as soon as possible: and I beg you to content yourself with that Felicity the Gods have provided for you, in proving you the Son of such an honourable Father. Testify your Thanks to them in a perfect Obedience to him, and think no more on the unfortunate *Cordiala*.

When you command Impossibilities, (said *Scipio*,) you cannot hope to be obey'd; for you may as well command the Heavens to cease their Motions, and not influence this Terrestrial Globe, or all Nature to cease her Work, as to command *Scipio* not to think on *Cordiala*. Ah, *Cordiala*! I must for ever think on you, love you, and follow you where-ever you go; therefore extend not

your Commands against these my Resolutions of loving you, and languishing at your Feet for ever. Then, kissing her Hand a thousand Times, begged her to pronounce him happy. O *Scipio*! (replied *Cordiala*,) cease to importune me on this Subject; leave this unfortunate Creature; stay not within the Reach of Infection; Misfortunes may be catching as well as Sickness; leave me alone to my Sighs and Tears; stay not at all, lest my unwary Tongue pronounce your Ruin: leave me, I say, that I may gently expire without the Agony of seeing you undone. My charming Fair, (replied *Scipio*,) there is no Ruin but in your Rigour, nor can I be undone but by your Absence; therefore dry those Eyes, whose bright Rays are only capable to enliven the Heart of your languishing Lover, who dies to see you weep. 'Tis fit, (replied *Cordiala*,) that Criminals should weep, and such are my Eyes, since they cause the vertuous *Scipio* to transgress his Duty to his Father; therefore if you would have me cease to weep, you must cease to love; and if any Thing I can say may have Influence over you, let me conjure you to withdraw your tender Thoughts from me a Wretch unworthy: at least endeavour it; perhaps the Divine Assistance may co-operate in so just an Enterprize, and help you to overcome yourself, which will render you a greater Conqueror

queror than your noble Brother in his subduing *Asia*. Myself, (replied *Scipio*,) is an useleſs Part of Mankind without my *Cordiala*, a Thing unworthy the Induſtry of a *Scipio*; therefore never perſuade me to any thing that regards myſelf, otherwiſe than for your Service; I deſire not to live, but for you; I deſire no Honour, Riches, or Happineſs, but for you: It is for your ſake only, that I rejoice to be the Son of a *Scipio*; it is for your ſake that I glory to have the noble *Aſiaticus* for my Brother: In ſine, it is for your ſake, and in hopes of your Favours, that I bear with human Life, and aim to be a Grandee of the World. Then never more bid me to withdraw my Affections, or endeavour at ſuch a wild Impoſſibility; but rather endeavour to unite your's with mine, and hope the Gods will aſſiſt us in the Enterprize.

As they were in this Diſcourſe, *Aſiaticus* and *Scipiana* came toward them; wherefore they broke off, and aroſe to go meet them. *Aſiaticus*, taking *Scipio* aſide, left *Scipiana* and *Cordiala* together: *Aſiaticus* told him, that he had again diſcourſed his Father this Morning on the Subject of his Amour, but could obtain nothing of him but a firm Reſolution againſt it, with a Command never to mention it to him more on pain of his Diſpleaſure. Wherefore (continued he,) let me beg of you to eradi-

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cate this misplanted Affection, and force your Heart to a thorough Obedience to your Father. Ah, Brother! (replied *Scipio*) the Respect I owe to you, as well as my Duty to my Father, would make me do it if 'twas impossible; but it is not in my Power: I might tear my Heart from my Breast, but cannot tear my Passion from my Heart: Dear Brother, let me beg of you to reflect on your Passion for *Clarinthia*, and if you find a Possibility of removing it, then blame me for not obeying your Advice and my Father's Commands; if not, I hope you will forgive me: I am sure you cannot say but that *Cordiala* is truly fair and vertuous: 'tis true, she is not the Daughter of a noble Lord; no more am I the great Conqueror of *Asia*, though I am now the Son of the noble *Scipio*, and your Brother; yet when my Affection took Root, I was only the poor *Ismenus*, without Family or Character; in that low State I gave *Cordiala* the Assurance of my everlasting Love; and now the Gods have exalted me to be the Son of a *Scipio*, can I recede from my Word, without fixing a Mark of Unworthiness on my Name and Family, was it possible? But alas! I may as well tear the Sun from its celestial Orb, and wear it for a Shield, as tear this Passion from my Heart. Consider then, dear Brother, and if you cannot help, at least pity me,

me, and let me have a Place in your Consideration.

Whilst the two Brothers were in this Discourse, *Scipiana* and *Cordiala* entertained each other on the same Subject. *Cordiala* told *Scipiana*, that since she had in much Goodness offered to recommend her to her Kinswoman the Princess *Fabiell*, she begged the speedy Performance of this Favour, that she might retire from the Importunities of her Brother, the young *Scipio*. 'Tis true, (replied *Scipiana*,) that is the best Way I can foresee for you, especially since my Father is so very opposite to *Scipio's* Inclinations, and you yourself receive his Address with so much Indifferency, for which prudent Conduct you are extremely to be commended. Very few, so young as you, could so perfectly govern themselves, as not to have a strong Inclination, when courted by so fine a Person as my Brother. Ah! Madam, (replied *Cordiala*,) you are too generous a Benefactress to me, for me to disguise the Truth; I am far from being able to govern my Affections toward your Brother; it is with great Difficulty that I make a Shift to govern my Words; for, alas! Madam, I love him to the last Degree: Pardon, dear Madam, this free Confession; for I count I ought to conceal nothing from you, no more than from a Goddess, you have been to me as my

Good Genius: Therefore, Madam, do not interpret this as an indecent Boldness, which is my Duty, but be pleased to assist me in my Departure into *Egypt*, thereby to remove from your House the Odium of your Family. I am truly sorry for you both, (replied *Scipiana*,) and wish it was in my Power to serve you in a more agreeable Way than assisting towards your Separation; for, believe it, *Cordiala*, I truly love and esteem you: Your Vertue and Wisdom carry with them irresistible Charms; but it is not in my Power to serve my own Inclinations in assisting your Affections. *Scipiana* was about to proceed in her Assurances, when a Servant came to let them know, that their Friends they so long expected from *Rome* were arrived, to wit, my Lord *Fabius*, *Lucullus*, *Marcellus*, and *Flavia*. Wherefore they hastened in to pay their Respects to them, which they did according to the Dignity of their respective Qualities. They were surprized to find *Fabius* and *Jemella* there; for they knew not of their being come from *Sardinia*; but most of all they were surprized to find *Clodius* in good Intelligence with them; but a few Turns of Discourse informed them all of the Manner of that Proceeding, when, together with the Intercession of *Publius* and the others, they pardoned *Clodius*, and promised to obtain the same of the Senate,

as also to intercede on his Behalf with his fair Widow, the bright *Libidinia*. *Flavia*, with the rest, having pardoned her Nephew, *Scipiana* presented to her *Cordiala*, begging her to extend her Favour also to this young Creature, once the Object of her Kindness, and receive her into the same Station of her Benevolence as formerly; but *Flavia* replied, that it was impossible; however, she would, for the sake of that honourable Assembly, do what she could to make her happy in that low Station in which the Gods had placed her. Whereupon *Cordiala* gave her Thanks for so kind a Promise, and withal begged her Ladyship to let her know who and where her poor Parents were to be found, that she might pay her Duty to them, as a Means to obtain a Blessing on what her Ladyship's Goodness would bestow. To which *Flavia* replied, That her Mother was a poor Woman living at *Cajeta*, and so forthwith sent a Servant to find the poor Woman, and bring her thither. In the mean time *Publius* proposed the Marriages to the noble *Romans*, according to the Inclinations of their Children the young Lovers; to which they all unanimously agreed. Among the rest, *Turpius* and *Mecus* were very well pleased at the Choice their Children, *Valerius* and *Artemisa*, had made of each other; and accordingly gave

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them their full Consent: So that among all this noble Company, *Scipio* and *Cordiala* were the only Pair likely to be unhappy, and without Prospect of being otherwise.

The Servant which *Flavia* sent to *Cajeta* soon returned, bringing with him the good Woman, Mother to *Cordiala*: To whom *Flavia* presented *Cordiala*, telling her, that she restored to Her her Child, being sorry that her Disobedience had been such as had obstructed her Fortune, which otherwise had been honourably made in a happy Marriage. Nevertheless, (continued *Flavia*,) I am willing to assist her and you, to make her happy in that Rank she has chose for herself; and when any Person of her Condition shall espouse her, I will take care of an Establishment for them. Which Discourse so swelled the Heart of *Scipio*, that he burst forth into these Words, which he uttered with more Passion than Prudence: Madam, be pleased to know, that your offered Favour is never to be accepted by *Cordiala*; she is of a Composure, both of Mind and Person, above any thing below a *Scipio*; and whilst I live she neither must nor shall marry any but myself. Then casting himself at the Feet of his Father, with great Submission begged his Lordship to forgive that Freedom of Speech, which his Passion and her Merits had unawares forced from him, adding, That although he
there

there avowed, that none should espouse her but himself, nevertheless that he did not design any Espousals without his Lordship's Leave; and moreover asserted, That such was her Vertue and Prudence, as would not permit her to accept of his Courtship, much less to resign her Affections in Opposition to his Lordship; For which and divers other excellent Qualities I hope, (said he,) she deserves the Esteem of all this noble Company, and I beg they will intercede in my behalf; for I dare not presume to ask my Lord himself, having already received his Prohibition. The Company were all extremely pleased at his modest Freedom, and every one was sensible of her Personal Deserts; nevertheless, no body ventured to persuade *Publius* on their Behalf, but looked upon one another with confused Aspects: 'Till *Publius* begged them all to remain silent on that Subject, it being a Thing he neither could nor would grant; so commanded his Son never more to mention it to him, nor to employ any body about it; not but that he esteemed *Cordiala* for her Discretion, and if *Scipio* would apply himself to his Duty, he would forget this Folly, as the Effect of Youth; otherwise he must expect to be discarded and forgotten by him; with many other Words to this Effect, which were as Claps of Thunder to the Hearts of our young Couple.

Cordiala retired to give Vent to her Sighs, Tears, and Blushes, whilst *Scipio* remained still at the Feet of his Father, imploring him and begging him to pity his Youth, and pardon his Passion, which he could not help; protesting, that he would never act contrary to his Duty, which still gave him Hopes, that his Lordship would in Time be a little reconciled and indulgent to his Affection. As *Publius* was about to reply, he saw enter into the Room an aged Person, which he soon knew to be his old Friend *Catullus*, whose Banishment had been one Cause of his leaving *Rome*. Wherefore, falling about his Neck, he embraced him most tenderly. At the same Time *Exilius* threw himself at the Feet of his Father, begging Pardon for his long Absence, withal presenting *Scipiana* as the Cause, assuring him, that nothing less worthy, or less beloved, should have detained him from his Presence. This Discovery extremely surpris'd and pleas'd the Company, and most especially *Publius*, who was transported to find his Daughter's Lover, or rather pretended Husband, to be the Son of his dearly beloved Friend, and a noble *Roman*; he, whose single Merits, whilst unknown, and without Name, Quality, or Estate, had so far oblig'd him both in the Person of *Asiaticus* and *Scipiana*, that he could not refuse his Consent to their

Espousals.

Espousals. But now his Joy transcended all Bounds, and not only he, but all the Company, found a Satisfaction at this Discovery, every one saluting and embracing both the Father and the Son, according to their respective Relations; all begging his Lordship to inform them how he had done to hide his illustrious Person from the Knowledge of all the World, in particular from his Friends, who had been solicitous for him, to have informed him, that the Senate had recalled him and restored his Estate.

I was so thorowly unconcerned (said *Ca- tullus*,) for the Things of this World, that I never enquired what was done by the Senate touching me and my Fortune. For I found so much Injustice in my Banishment, that I betook myself wholly to the Thoughts of Heaven, and looked with Contempt on all earthly Things. I accepted willingly my Sufferings, and with Pleasure begged Pardon of the Gods for those that had been my Persecutors. Pray, give me Leave, my noble Lords, to avow mine Innocence; for I know nothing by myself that might occasion this my Punishment; but a Party took a Conceit, that I endeavoured to make myself popular, so as to raise myself above the rest of the Senate: If I spoke any thing in the Senate to maintain the Laws, then I was supposed to
cajole

cajole the Nobles; if in Favour of the People, then it was to engage the Mob; if I forgave my Tenants their Debts, or abated their Rents, that was undermining other Landlords; if I prayed in the Temple, it was deemed Hypocrisy; if I treated my Friends, it was Lewdness; if I required any just Debt, it was Cruelty; if I gave Alms, it was Vain-Glory. Thus all that I said or did was misunderstood or misrepresented by mine Enemies, 'till they gained both Senate and People on their Party, and in the End accomplished their Design in my Banishment. I conclude my Son has told you the Manner of my Life in my rocky Island, where I intended always to remain; but having one Day been at *Sardinia*, I heard, to my great Sorrow, that my Friend *Publius* was in great Affliction for the Loss of all his Children; wherefore I resolved to venture once more into my unjust and unnatural Country, to endeavour to console my Friend, and give him what Information I could touching his Daughter's Departure from me. The Execution of this Design was retarded by long Sickness and foul Weather; but now, to my unspeakable Joy, I am come to partake of the greatest Happiness my Heart could hope for on this Side Heaven, in the Espousals of my Son with the fair Daughter of my Friend: My next Care must be to
find

find out my Daughter, which I left with a poor Woman of *Cajeta*, she being too tender for my rough Hands to deal withal; therefore I left her at that Town, in my Passage as I went to imbark. At which the good Woman, Mother of *Cordiala*, presented herself to *Catullus*, telling him, that she was the Person to whom his Lordship had committed the Care of that Treasure: Wherefore calling *Cordiala*, she said, Behold this fair Lady, the Daughter you left with me; I have carefully kept the Secret, according to your Commands, that even when my Lady *Flavia* took her, I did not discover whose Daughter she was, but delivered her to her Ladyship as my own; and notwithstanding her being my Lady's Niece, and very like her little Daughter that died, her Ladyship suspected nothing. This Discovery was a joyful Surprise to all the Company, but in particular to *Catullus* her Father, who embraced her with much Tenderneſs; and for a greater Demonſtration of the Truth of all this, he ſhewed a red Heart on her Arm, a Mark with which ſhe was born. But above all Joy and Transport, that of *Scipio* transcended all Bounds; wherefore once more kneeling to his Father, told him, he hoped that now he would not only give his Conſent, but obtain the ſame for him of *Catullus* and *Cordiala*, in which they unani-
mouſly conſented
and,

and all with excessive Joy received and embraced *Cordiala*, according to their respective Relations. *Catullus* adding, that he hoped to see the Glories of the *Scipio's* increase in the Person of this young Man ; and that *Africa* should give him a Name, as *Asia* had done his Brother ; for, said he, last Night I dreamed, that the Gods gave me a Daughter from the Clouds, which they told me should command all *Africa* ; and now, methinks I foresee the Prediction true in the Person of this young *Scipio*. At which *Asiaticus* called to mind what the Sybil had foretold him in her Cave ; and *Scipiana* remembered what *Cordiala's* Good Genius had sung to her in the Chapel of *Diana* ; infomuch that they were almost ready to salute, and dignify him with the Title of *Scipio Africanus*.

Thus were the Troubles and Inquietudes of these noble *Romans* and Lovers all brought to a happy Conclusion. We shall therefore leave them to agree among themselves, whether they will celebrate their Nuptials privately at *Publius Scipio's* House, according to his Request, or go to *Rome*, to proclaim them with greater Splendour and Magnificence.

THE
AMOURS
OF
Bosvil and Galefia.

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THE
AMOURS
OF
Bosvil and Galefia.

IT was in the Heat of Summer, when News is daily coming, and hourly expected from the Campaigns; which, as it employs the Heads of the Politicians, and Arms of the Heroes, so it fills the Hearts of the Fair with a thousand Apprehensions, in consideration of their respective Friends and Relations therein concerned. This induced *Galefia* to an early Walk in *St. Germain's* Garden, where meeting with her Friend *Lucasia*, they took a Turn or two by the little Wood, entertaining themselves on the Adventures of the present and foregoing War, and what they had to hope or fear from the Success or Overthrow of either or both Parties; their dearest and nearest Relations being equally engaged on both Sides; King *James's* Affairs having so turned Things in *Europe*, that the War between *France* and

and the Allies was almost like a Civil War, Friend against Friend, Brother against Brother, Father against Son, and so on. After divers Disquisitions and Turns of Discourse on these Occurrences, *Lucasia*, being willing to quit this melancholy Theme, desired *Galesia* to recount to her the Adventures of her early Years, of which she had already heard some Part, and therefore believed the whole to be a diverting Novel. Wherefore seating themselves, *Galesia* related her History, as follows.

THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
G A L E S I A.

MY Father (said this young Lady) and all his Family being of the Loyal Party, in the Time of King *Charles* the First, is a sufficient Demonstration of the Non-existence of Riches among them; for some were in Battle slain, and some in Prison died; some ruined in their Estates, some in their Persons, and so, like most
of

of the Adherents to the Royal Cause, were unhappy : My Father, in particular, lost a very honourable and profitable Place at Court ; after which he retired into the Country, leading a very private or rather obscure Life, just above the Contempt of Poverty, and below that Envy which attends Riches, of which he laid aside all Hopes, contenting himself to give his Children such Education as might fit them for a more plentiful Condition of Life, if Fortune should ever make them her Favourites : Thus he made a Vertue of Necessity, and, as I have worded it in some Poem elsewhere,

*Where Fortune would not with his Wish comply,
He made his Wish bear Fortune company.*

I was about ten or eleven Years old, when my Mother took me from Putney Boarding-School, finding those Places the Academies of Vanity and Expence, no way instructive in the Rudiments of a Country Gentlewoman's Life, for which in all probability I was destined ; therefore reasonably judged her own House a fitter Class to prepare me for that Station.

Here I had not been long, e'er there came to our House a young Gentleman of our Neighbourhood, one Mr. Brasfort, a School-fellow and particular Companion of my

my Brother. This Gentleman took such a liking to Miss, (for I was not yet past that Title,) that he resolved to have no other Wife, though he was already a Man, and I but a Child; which he not only said but demonstrated, in refusing all Proposals of that Kind, always alledging, that he would stay for *Galefia*; and accordingly frequented our House, dispensed with my Follies and Humours, making himself my Companion even in my childish Recreations.

I cannot but reflect on this Part of Life as the happiest Time we are born to know, when Youth and Innocence tune all Things, and render them harmonious; our Days are spent in Play and Health, and our Nights in sound Sleep; our Pillows are not stuffed with Cares, nor our waking Hours incumbered with Passions: We reflect not on what is past, nor take a Prospect of what is to come: We toss our Shittlecock while weary, and at our Tutor's Beck we cheerfully go to our Lectures. Thus we pass our happy Days, 'till Reason begins to bud in our Actions; then we no sooner know that we have a Being, and rejoice that we are the noblest Part of the Creation, but Passion takes Root in our Hearts, and very often outgrows and smothers our rational Faculties. This I experienced; for I was scarce arrived to those Years in which

we begin to distinguish between Friendship and Affection, but I became sensible of the latter towards a Kinsman of ours, one Mr. *Bosvil*, who came to our House; and notwithstanding that I had armed my Thoughts with a thousand Resolutions against Love, yet the first Moment I saw this Man I loved him, though he had nothing extraordinary in Person or Parts to excite such an Affection; nevertheless, the Moment that his Eyes met mine, my Heart was sensible of an Emotion it had never felt before.

I was now about the Age of Fifteen, at which Time my Mother thought fit to send me to *London*, to remain under the Government of my Aunt, my Lady *Martial*, a vertuous Matron, under whose prudent Conduct I might learn a little of the Town Politeness, its Civilities without its Vanities, its Diversions without its Vices, &c. This Journey was extremely pleasing to me, as is usual to any young Country Creature: *London*, the Idol of the World, might naturally create Longings in a young Female Heart. It was also pleasing to Mr. *Brafort*, my reputed Lover; he supposing this Voyage would ripen my Understanding and Knowledge of the World, which was yet very green, wanting Experience and Conversation to bring to Maturity those Faculties wherewith Nature had endued me: In the mean time declaring
to

to his Relations, that he intended to marry me at my Return; not doubting I suppose my Parents Consent whenever he should ask it, his Estate rendering the Demand too advantageous to be refused: His Person not disagreeable, therefore concluded he had no Opposition to fear, having always found a kind Reception at our House, not only as a Neighbour, but my Brother's Friend and particular Acquaintance.

The Satisfaction I took, was not only that I should enjoy a little Ramble and Diversion of the Town, always agreeable to Youth, but I knew I should there see my Cousin *Bosvil*, who was then a Student at the Inns of Court. But, alas! how was I non-plus'd, when at the first Visit he made me, he let me know, that he was informed that this my coming to *London* was to buy me Clothes, in order to be married to Mr. *Brafort*. This he affirmed with such an Air as left no Room to suppose it Jest or Banter, withal letting me know his Author, which was Mr. *Brafort's* Man; insomuch, that I really began to fear that it was so in the Bottom, and that such an Affair might have been transacted between him and my Parents. However, I assuring him that I knew nothing of any such Intention, he believed me with great Pleasure and Satisfaction; and
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from Time to Time made me understand by his Looks and Gestures, that his Visits proceeded rather from Passion than Friendship, and that he was drawn to my Aunt's House by other Cords than those of Consanguinity or Respect to her Ladyship, which my vigilant Aunt soon perceived; but (as the Proverb is) looked through her Fingers, and under the Cloak of Kinsman, gave the Lover just so much Opportunity as served to blow up his Flame, without too far engaging my young and unexperienced Heart; she knowing, that besides his Pretensions to the Law, his Estate rendered him an advantageous Party.

By this discreet Proceeding of my Aunt, he had very little Opportunity to testify his Affection; nevertheless he found some Moments to assure me of his everlasting Love, and to sue for the same of me. I, young and unexperienced as I was, had the Cunning to conceal my Passion, and to pretend not to believe his. The Truth is, I had heard so ill a Character of the Town Amours, as being all Libertinism, and more especially the Inns of Court, that I dreaded to launch on so dangerous a Sea; thinking each Sigh a Storm to overset one's Reputation, which too often proves true in Fact, especially if the Amour be secret, or without Parents Consent, that good

Pilot which conducts young Lovers to the safe Harbour of Matrimony, without which we can hope for little but Shipwreck of our Fortunes and Quiet. This Consideration made me pretend to take all he said for Banter, or youthful Gallantry: In fine, I put him off with one little Shuffle or other, which he pretended to believe was only the Effect of Modesty, 'till such time as he should come into the Country, and there be authorized by our Parents to make him happy; in the mean while he resolved to demean himself so as to merit their Consent. All which pleased not only my amorous but my haughty Inclination; for I disdained to be courted thus in hugger-mugger. Thus Crimes and Folly mix themselves with our Virtues, Pride with Honour, Dissimulation with Modesty, &c. However, as the World now rolls, we are under a Kind of Constraint to follow its Bias.

Now as Pride agitated my Thoughts in regard of *Bosvil*, so did Revenge a little in regard of *Brasfort*; for I pleased myself to think how he would be baulked, who I thought had been very remiss in his Devoirs towards such a Goddess as the World's Flatterers had made of me.

Seven or eight Months being passed in this Manner, my Mother sent for me into the Country; and my Brother, who was

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to be my Convoy, carried me by *Oxford*, to shew me the Glory of the University, at the Time of the Act, when it shines with the greatest Splendour. The Compliments and Civilities I there received from the Students of all Ranks, were so many, and so much above my Merit, that it would look like a Fiction for me to repeat: Therefore, with Friar *Bacon's* speaking Head, I will only say, *Time is past*, and for ever keep Silence on that Subject; for the very naming those bright Encomiums, then given to my Youth, would now be like dressing up a Death's Head in Lace, Curls, and Ribbands. However, all this Vanity did not sequester my Thoughts one Moment from my beloved *Bosvil*; but I returned Home into the Country, full of Longings for his Arrival.

In the mean time our Neighbour, Mr. *Brasfort*, had got some little Hints of this Amour, so resolved speedily to accomplish his intended Marriage with me: But Almighty Providence ordered it otherwise; for soon after my Arrival in the Country, he fell sick of a continued Fever, which in the Space of ten Days carried him into his Grave, instead of his Nuptial Bed, to the great Grief of all his Relations. Thus we see that human Projects are meer Vapours, carried about with every Blast of cross Accidents; and the Projectors them-

selves pushed by the Hand of Death, into the Abyss of Oblivion; or, according to the Proverb, *Man purposes, God disposes.*

This unlook'd-for Death of *Brasfort* was no way afflicting to me, more than as a Friend or Neighbour; for all my tender Thoughts were bound up in *Bosvil*, whose Absence made my Life tedious, and every Minute seemed a Year 'till his Arrival. But, ah my *Lucasia*! what are our Hopes when founded on any thing but Heaven? My longed-for *Bosvil* came, and instead of bringing with him the Caresses of an overjoy'd Lover, or at least the Addresses of a fond Admirer, nothing accompanied his Conversation, but a certain cold Respect, scarce surmounting common Civility. Instead of engaging my Parents to intercede on his Behalf with me their darling Child, he, in my Presence, consulted my Father about a certain neighbouring Gentlewoman, who was promised to him in Marriage. This Discourse I heard with seeming Tranquillity, and praised the young Lady, wishing she might be so sensible of his Merit, as to make him speedily happy. Here, my *Lucasia*, Truth and Sincerity were supplanted by a Tincture of Modesty and Pride; for no Mouth spake more directly against the Sentiments of a Heart than mine did at that Time: But
this

this is one of the finest-spun Snares wherewith the Devil intraps us, when he makes us abandon one Vertue to idolize another; as when the learned Casuists contend for the Faith to the Breach of Charity; and the Enthusiasticks, in their fantastick Raptures, neglect the common Duties of human Life. Thus I, silly Maid, set up a pretended Indifferency, to which false Idol I sacrificed all my Satisfaction.

Now, though in *Bosvil's* Presence I made a shift to keep up this seeming Insensibility, yet exteriorly I was tormented with a thousand Anxieties, which made me seek Solitude, where I might without Witness or Controll disburthen my over-charged Heart of Sighs and Tears. This Solitude I sought was not hard to be found, our Habitation being situate in a remote Country Village, where one has full Opportunity to sooth and cajole Melancholy, 'till it becomes rampant, and hardly to be restrained. Sometimes I endeavoured to divert my Chagrin, by contemplating in these shady Walks the wonderful Works of the Creation. In the Spring methought the Earth was dressed in new Apparel, the soft Meadow Grass was as a Robe of green Velvet imbroidered with Pearls and Diamonds, composed of the Evening Dew, with the Sun's Morning Rays made bright and sparkling; all the Borders curiously

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laced with chequer'd Work of Sun and
Shade, caused by the Trees and Hedges.
It was in one of these solitary Walks that
my rolling Thoughts turned themselves into
these Verses.

*Methinks these Shades strange Thoughts suggest,
Which heat my Head, and cool my Breast,
And mind me of a Laurel Crest.*

*Methinks I hear the Muses sing,
And see 'em dance all in a Ring,
Calling upon me to take Wing.*

*We will (say they) assist thy Flight,
'Till you reach fair Orinda's Height,
If thou can'st this World's Folly slight.*

*We'll bring thee to our bright Abodes,
Among the Heroes and the Gods,
If Thou and Wealth can be at Odds.*

*Then, gentle Maid, cast off thy Chain,
Which links thee to thy faithless Swain,
And vow a Virgin to remain.*

*Write, write thy Vow upon this Tree,
By us it shall recorded be,
And Thou fam'd to Eternity.*

Looking

Looking behind me, I saw a very smooth-barked Ash, under which I sat, and in the midst of melancholy Whimsies, I writ these Lines on the Body of the Tree, having commonly a little Pen and Ink in my Pocket. This Fancy, joined with what I had lately read in a little Book of my Lord Bacon, That a Wise Man ought to have two Designs on foot at a time, or, according to the Proverb, *two Strings to his Bow*; so I, finding myself abandoned by Bosvil, and thinking it impossible ever to love any Mortal more, resolved to espouse a Book, and spend my Days in Study. This Fancy having once taken Root, grew apace, and branched itself forth into a thousand vain Conceits. I imagined myself the *Orinda* or *Sappho* of my Time, and among my little Reading, the Character of the faithful Shepherdess in the Play pleased me extremely. I resolved to imitate her, not only in perpetual Chastity, but in learning the Use of Simples, for the Good of my Country Neighbours. Thus I thought to become *Apollo's* darling Daughter, and Maid of Honour to the Muses. In order to this, I got my Brother, who was not yet returned to *Oxford*, to set me in the Way to learn my Grammar, which he readily did, thinking it only a Vapour of Fancy, to be blown away with the first Puff of Vanity,

or new Mode; or a Freak without Foundation, to be overthrown by the first Difficulty I should meet with in the *Syntax*; knowing it to be less easy to make Substantive and Adjective agree, than to place a Patch, Curl, or any other additional Agreement, on a young Face, so as to render it (if not more charming) more gallant. He, not knowing the Foundation of my Enterprize, laughed at my Project, though he humoured me out of Complaisance; for I had not let him know any Thing of this Amour, supposing an Affront of this kind might produce some fatal Accident; besides, my Pride would not permit me to let this Contempt of my Youth and Beauty be known to any. These Considerations made me keep this a Secret even from my Brother, though otherwise he was the Confident of all my poor Heart was able to conceive; for he was dear to me, not only as a Brother, but a Friend; fraternal Love and Friendship were united in him, and those Bonds drawn strait by Choice and Inclination, and all united by Reason; for never was Man fitter for an Election of this Kind, where Reason might have the casting Voice, which indeed ought to be in all our Actions. But I return where I digressed.

I followed my Study close, betook myself to a plain Kind of Habit, quitted all
Point-

Point-Lace, and Ribands, and fine Clothes ; partly I ſuppoſe out of Melancholy, not caring to adorn that Perſon ſlighted by him I loved ; and partly out of Pride, vainly imagining that the World applauded me, and admired that a Perſon in the Bloom of Youth ſhould ſo perfectly abdicate the World, with all thoſe Allurements which ſeldom fail to pleaſe our Sex, in all the Stations of our Life, but much more in the juvenile Part of our Time. But thus it was, I ſought vain Glory through differing Paths, and ſeemed to ſcorn what I really courted, Popular Applauſe, and hid a proud Heart under an humble Habit. The Conſideration of this makes me ſee how difficult it is to draw a Scheme of virtuous Politicks, whereby to govern this little Microcoſm, but by that Model of all Perfection, *Deny thyſelf*, &c. and that not only in Deeds, but in the moſt ſecret Intentions ; for while I ſtrove to caſt out the Devil of Love, I made room for Pride, with all its vile Adherents.

However, I thought it had ſet myſelf in a good and convenient Road to paſs my Life's Pilgrimage ; but this my deſigned Tranquility was diſturbed by the frequent Viſits of *Bosvil*, who, as a Kinsman and a Friend, had free Acceſs to our Houſe ; and though he made no formal or direct Addreſs to me, yet his Eyes darted Love, his Lips

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smiled Love, his Heart sighed Love, his Tongue was the only Part silent in the Declaration of a violent Passion; that between his cold Silence and his Sun-shine Looks, I was like the Traveller in the Fable: the warm Rays of his Eyes made me cast away that Garment of firm Resolution, which the Coldness of his Silence had made me wrap close about my Heart.

*Thus were my Resolutions cross'd,
'Twixt Hope, Despair, and Love, were toss'd;
His Looks were Sun-shine, Words were Frost.* }

But why, my *Galefia*, (said *Lucafia*,) did you not consult your Parents, and in particular your Mother, whose Care and Prudence might have adjusted the Business to all your Satisfaction? I considered much on that Point, (replied *Galefia*,) but I concluded if I discovered it to my Mother, she would discourse him about it, and he perhaps might put it off with a Laugh, and say he had only rallied with his young Cousin, during her Residence in *London*, to try how her Heart was fortified against such like Assaults: So by this means I should have passed for an ignorant Country Girl, not capable of distinguishing between Jest and Earnest, which would have grated hard upon my proud Humour: Wherefore

I

I reſolved, as long as he remained ſilent toward my Parents, to take all he ſaid or did for Banter, or little Efforts of Gallantry. Thus, Fool as I was, I concealed from my dear Mother the Thing in which I had greateſt Need of her Counſel and Conduct; and as moſt young People have too great an Opinion of their own Wiſdom, ſo I no doubt thought myſelf as capable to make or uſe a Conqueſt, as any Town-Lady, armed *Cap-a-pee* with all Sorts of Imbelliſhments, who had ſerved divers Campaigns under the Banner of *Venus*; but too late I found my Folly and Weakneſs in this my opiniated Wiſdom.

Bosvil frequently came to our Houſe, where he made the outward Grimaces of a Lover with an indifferent Heart, while I bore up the Outside of Indifferency with a Heart full of Paſſion. Thus a Mask is put on ſometimes to conceal an ill Face, and ſometimes to conſerve a good one; and the moſt part of Mankind are in Reality different from what they ſeem: Youth affects to be thought older, and they of riper Years younger; the ſober young Gentleman affects to talk like a Rake, and the Town Miſs to pretend to Modeſty; therefore I wonder not that I, ſilly Country Girl, aſſumed to myſelf a Diſcretion which Time and Want of Experience had denied me. But Things were on this Foot-

ing, when Mr. *Brafort*, Cousin to my dead Lover *Brafort*, cast his Eyes upon me with greater Esteem than I merited ; and as if he had been destined to chuse the Devil for his Confessor, he chose my Cousin *Bosvil*, for his Confident, desiring him to introduce him to me, and make his Proposals to my Parents. *Brafort* knowing nothing of *Bosvil*'s pretended Inclinations for me, (though otherwise his trusty Confident) addressed to him as my near Relation and intimate Friend. To this Proposal *Bosvil* frankly replied, that he could not serve him, saying, that he designed his Cousin *Galefia* for himself, and was so far from introducing any body on that Score, that on the contrary he should be careful to keep of all Pretenders. Hereupon Mr. *Brafort* remained satisfied, laying all Thoughts of me aside.

*Now to what Meaning could this Falshood tend,
Thus to deceive his Mistress and his Friend.*

This Transaction, tho' coming to me by a third Hand, gave me a strong Belief of *Bosvil*'s Sincerity, and made me interpret every little dubious Word, which he sometimes mixed with his fond Actions, to be Demonstrations of a real Passion ; not doubting but a little Time would ripen the same into an open Declaration to my
Parents,

Parents, as well as formerly to me, and now lastly to young *Brafort*. In the mean time attributing this Delay to his Prudence, in acquainting himself with my Humour and Inclinations, before he gave himself irrevocably to me, it obliged me to regulate my Behaviour with the discreetest Precautions my poor unexperienced Thoughts could dictate. My Grammar Rules now became harsh Impertinencies: For I thought I had learnt *Amo* and *Amor* by a shorter and surer Method; and the only *Syntax* I studied was how to make suitable Answers to my Father and him, when the longed-for Question should be proposed, that I might not betray my Weakness in too ready a Compliance, nor ruin my Satisfaction in too rigid an Opposition.

In the mean time a Friend of mine, that had married a Sister of my dead Lover *Brafort*, and for that Reason he and his Wife always called me Sister; this Gentleman, whether out of Kindness or Curiosity, or because his Cousin the young *Brafort* had discovered his Inclinations for me, I know not, but he had a great Desire to inform himself of the Secret between me and *Bosvil*; for he and his Wife being much in our Company, could not but remark something in his Carriage towards me; and being very intimate with *Bosvil*,
told

told him, that he wondered that he, being an only Child, and Heir to a considerable Estate; besides his growing Practice in the Law, did not fix on a Wife, thereby to establish his Family, and make his aged Parents happy. That Affair is not undone, (replied *Bosvil*,) I am fixed on my Neighbour *Lowland's* Daughter, and hope shortly to enjoy your good Company, with the rest of my Friends and Relations, at the Celebration of our Marriage. This Answer my Friend little expected to receive; however, believing it concerned me nearly, took the first Opportunity to tell me, which he did in a frank jocular manner, not seeming to suspect how great my Concern was, which indeed was the greatest in the World. The Noces of a fluttering Cuckoo are not half so disagreeable, though they sing the Obsequies of the Spring, and proclaim Silence to the whole Quire of chirping Musicians. The Edifice I had so lately built on the Foundation of that Discourse between *Bosvil* and young *Brasfort*, proved a mere airy nothing, serving only to make my Fall the greater, by how much I had raised my Hopes on its Battlements. I spent my Days in Sighs, and my Nights in Tears; my Sleep forsook me, and I relished not my Food; nor had I made any Friend or Confident, into whose Bosom I might discharge my Grievs, or receive Consolation.

solation. My dear Brother was then at *Paris*, to improve his Studies in that University; where, complaining of his Absence, I also hinted this other Original of my Sorrows.

*Nothing at present wonted Pleasure yields,
The Birds, nor Bushes, nor the verdant Fields;
Nor Oser Holts, nor flow'ry Banks of Glen;
For the soft Meadow Grass seems Plush; as when
We us'd to walk together kindly here,
And think each Blade of Corn a Gem did bear:
Instead of this, and thy Philosophy,
Nought but my own false Latin now I see,
False Verse, or Lover falsest of the Three.* }

Thus I walked on in Sorrow and Desolation, without reflecting that my Vanity deserved greater Punishments: For in our Youth we commonly dress our Thoughts in the Mirror of Self-Flattery, and expect that Heaven, Fortune, and the World, should cajole our Follies, as we do our own, and lay all Faults on others, and all Praise on ourselves. How far I was guilty of this I know not; but whatever I deserved from the Hand of Heaven, I am sure I deserved nothing but well from *Bosvil*, whose Scorn, (the Cause of my Afflictions,) I endeavoured to conceal; yet, spite of all my Industry, this Melancholy, together with my plain Dress, was taken
Notice

Notice of, and it was believed I mourned for *Brafort*. My Parents fearing this might prove a Hindrance to my Fortune, commanded me to quit that plain Dress, and endeavour to forget *Brafort*. This their Fancy of my Affection for *Brafort* I did not much contradict, it being a proper *Cur-few* to that Flame I had for *Bosvil*. Thus we see how easily we are deceived by outward Appearances, and what Care we ought to take of censuring, judging, or condemning Things or Persons, without knowing the true and genuine Cause of Contingencies, which are often very hard to be understood; for, according to the Fable, the Ass seems valiant in the Lion's Skin, and the Crow glorious in her borrowed Plumes. We often give undeserved Applause, where Fortune makes a Fool her Favourite; and, on the other Side, as often condemn the wisest Designs when not attended with Success. We are Fortune's Machines, and the Alarm of Popular Applause must run off, as she is pleased to turn the Key of our Affairs.

*For very few will praise the good Intent,
But every one condemns the bad Event.*

But pardon, Madam, this Digression, and give me leave to return.

After

After my aforeſaid Diſcourſe with my Friend, that he told me of *Bosvil's* intended Marriage with Mrs. *Lowland*, there paſſed many Weeks that I neither ſaw nor heard from him, he keeping cloſe at his Father's Houſe, (which was about twenty Miles from us,) where I thought he paſſed his Time at the Feet of his Fair Mrs. *Lowland*, who lived in his Father's Neighbourhood: But the Truth proved, that he was detained by a light but lingering Sickneſs, in which Time I gained much upon my diſtempered Mind, and thought myſelf ſo perfectly cured, as never more to relapſe by the Infection of any Lover, how contagious ſoever Youth, Gallantry, or Riches might render him: But, alas! I had not yet paſſed the Dog-days of *Bosvil's* hot Purſuits; but at his Return he treated me in another manner than ever: If before he admired, honoured, or eſteemed me, he now doted, adored, and died for me; vowed a thouſand Times that he could not live without me; that his Paſſion had been the Cauſe of his late Indispoſition, and would be of his Death, if the ſalutary Remedy of *Hymen's* Rites were not ſpeedily applied; in order to which he had brought a Licence with him, and therewith took it out of his Pocket, and ſhewed it me: All which ſo aſtoniſhed, pleaſed, and confounded me, that I knew not what to reply; but

but with Tears in my Eyes told him, that I was wholly non-plus'd, and knew not what Interpretation to make of all that had pass'd between him and me. 'Tis true, (replied he,) I have been extremely remiss in my Devoirs towards you, for which I deserve the utmost Punishment your Scorn can inflict; nor should I dare to ask Pardon of a Goodness less perfect. Be not cruel then to your Penitent, but forgive him, who now asks it with all Submission: him, who vows never to offend you: him, who swears to suffer any thing, rather than deserve your Anger; him, who dedicates every Action of his Life to love, please, and serve you. Cease (said I) these Asseverations; I never pretended to be displeased with you; and as you have done nothing to offend me, so I have done nothing to deserve your Love, beyond that of a Kinsman or a Friend, which I hope I shall never forfeit, but as such I shall for ever love you. If you love me as a Kinsman or a Friend, (replied he,) testify the same in saving my Life; which as a wretched Criminal I beg, and as a faithful Lover hope to receive from your Goodness, in consenting to a speedy Marriage; for, without that, you cannot pretend to either Friendship, Love, or Charity itself, my Life and Love being now inseparable. Sure, dear Cousin, (said I,) you forget in
whose

whose Company you are, and believe your
 ſelf with fair Mrs. Lowland: If ſuch an
 amorous Slumber has caſt you into this
Delirium, pray awake, and behold before
 you your Couſin Galeſia. I need no Mo-
 nitor, (replied he,) to tell me, that it is
 my Couſin Galeſia with whom I conſerve at
 preſent: The reſerved Behaviour with
 which ſhe treats me her faithful Lover,
 ſhews, that it is the prudent, vertuous,
 chaſte Galeſia. It is this reſerved Mien,
 Madam, which has often deterred me, and
 commanded my Tongue to a reſpectful Si-
 lence; whiſt my poor Heart, overcharged
 with Paſſion, only eaſed itſelf with Sighs,
 and my Looks were the only Language
 whereby to expreſs my interior Thoughts.
 How far your Silence has been guilty of
 your Sufferings, (replied I,) it is not eaſy
 for me to penetrate; but I believe the In-
 ſincerity of this Declaration might prove
 very obnoxious to my Quiet, if my pre-
 engaged Reſolution of a ſingle Life did not
 ſecure me from thoſe Dangers, to which
 my Youth and your Merit might betray
 me. Ah, Madam, (replied he,) and is it
 poſſible that you ſhould doubt the Sincerity
 of what I now aſſert? The Great God of
 Heaven that created us knows what I ſay
 is true, when I ſay I love you above all
 Things in this World; that I will never
 marry any Woman but yourſelf; that I
 never

never did, can, or will, place any Beauty or Interest in Competition with you; that I have thought of nothing but you since I first beheld you; that I denied all the Diversions of the Town for your sake; and when I tugged the Oar of *Cook upon Littleton*, and other harsh Studies, it was to arrive safe to the Harbour of your Embrace. This Heaven knows to be true; and not Heaven only, but there is not a Person on Earth with whom I have conversed, that has not been entertained with *Galefia's* Perfections and my Passion: There is not one of my Acquaintance but has heard that I love *Galefia*. Ah, Madam! this is true; Heaven that inspired me with this vertuous Affection, knows it to be true; Earth, which adores you, knows it to be true; and you yourself know it to be true: Look into your own Conscience, and it will bear Witness to this Truth, that I have loved you since the first Moment that I saw you. Remember, Madam, how after the first Salutations I sat and gazed on you with such deep Surprise, that there was little Difference between me and a Statue, except sometimes a stolen Sigh, which called the Blood into your Cheeks, and made me know, that, young as you were, you understood that Language. Moreover, Madam, that when I sat at Table I could
not

not eat for looking on you ; insomuch that your charitable Mother thinking me indisposed, sent to her Closet for a Cordial. Then it was I gazed away that Life you now refuse to save, and have ever since laboured under deadly Pangs ; and after thus suffering Martyrdom, to have the Truth of what I profess called in question, is downright Tyranny. Those (replied I) who have once swerved from the Faith they profess, ought always to be suspected ; you have offered your Vows to Mrs. *Lowland* — and so stopped with a stolen Sigh. With that he called to mind what he had said to my Friend, and told me, that all he had then said, was only to put a Stop to his Curiosity, not thinking it proper to name me as the Object of his designed Espousals, without my Leave ; and then again and again called Heaven to witness that he loved me above all terrestrial Beings : And if you believe me not, (continued he,) I hope you will believe my Father, who intends to be here next Week, to bear witness of this Truth : He will tell you how often I have avowed it to him, when he has proposed Matches to me, telling him that nothing but my fair Cousin, the vertuous *Galefia*, could make me happy. My fond Mother also, when she hears me sigh, knows it is for you, and then blames your Cruelty. If you persist

persist in this Rigour, you will not only cause my Death, but theirs also, whose Lives are bound up in mine. When my Father comes, I hope you will compassionate his Years, when he courts you for his only Child; think how much your tender Mother loves you, and then consider mine; and as your Tenderness extends to them, 'tis hoped you shall have little Beauties of your own to do the same one Day for you.

In this Kind of Discourse, my *Lucasia*, we passed some Hours; and it was with great Difficulty that I restrained my foolish Tongue from telling the Fondness of my Heart, but the Restraint was with such broken Words, stolen Sighs, suppressed Tears, that the merest Fresh-man in Love's Academy could not but read and understand that Language, much more he that had passed Graduate among the Town-Amours. What Interpretation he made I know not; but I thought myself safe landed on Love's Shore, where no cross Wind or unseen Accident could oppose my Passage to *Hymen's* Palace, or wreck me in this Harbour of true Satisfaction: For since he assured me of his Parents Consent, I knew his Fortune to be too advantageous to be refused by mine: that now my Thoughts swam in the Sea of Joy, which meeting with the Torrent of the afore-

said

said Vexations, made a kind of a dangerous Eddy, ready to overset my Reason. I passed some Nights without Sleep, and Days without Food, by reason of this secret Satisfaction; at last, being overcome with a little Drowsiness, I fell asleep in a Corner of our Garden, and there dreamed that an angry Power on a sudden carried me away, and made me climb a high Mountain, where I met *Bosvil*, who endeavoured to throw me down; but I thought the same Power snatched me away, and brought me to that Shade where I had writ some Verses on the Bark of an Ash, as I before told you: in which Verses I had seemed to prefer the Muses, and a studious Life, before that of Business and Marriage.

*On which my way-ward Guardian said,
O Fair-one, yet unlucky Maid!
Since that thou hast the Muses chose,
Hymen and Fortune are thy Foes;
Thou too shalt have Cassandra's Fate,
In all thou say'st, unfortunate.
The God of Wit sent her that Curse,
And Fortune sends thee this, and worse:
In all thou dost, though ne'er so good,
By all the World misunderstood;
In best of Actions be despis'd,
And Fools and Knaves above thee priz'd:
Foes,*

*Foes, like Serpents, hiss and bite thee,
 All thy Friends agree to slight thee ;
 Love and Lovers give thee Pain,
 Both they and thou shall love in vain ;
 Either Death shall from thee take 'em,
 Or they thee, or thou forsake 'em :
 Thy Youth and Fortune vainly spend,
 And in thy Age have not a Friend :
 Thy whole Life pass in Discontent,
 In Want, and Wee, and Banishment :
 Be broken under Fortune's Wheel,
 Direct thy Actions ne'er so well.
 A thousand other Ills beside,
 Dame Fortune does for them provide,
 Who to the Muses are ally'd. }
 At this Harangue my Grief was so extream,
 I then awoke, glad that it prov'd a Dream.*

But it has prov'd so true in the Event,
 that I think one can hardly call it so, but
 rather a real Vision, as will appear in the
 Sequel of my Story, to which I return.

Many Days and Week passed, and se-
 veral Visits he made with repeated Assu-
 rances of his Passion, still expecting the
 Coming of his Father. How far my Looks
 or Gestures might betray my Thoughts I
 know not, but I kept my Words close Pri-
 soners, 'till they should be set at Liberty
 by the Desire of his Father, or the Com-
 mand of mine ; or at least conveyed into
 the Mouth of my prudent Mother. Thus

I thought I planted my Actions, in a good Soil, on the Ground of Vertue, and watered them with the Stream of Discretion, but the Worm of Pride and Self-Esteem was at the Bottom, and gnawed the Root : I did not enough reflect on the Author of all Good, but thought perhaps I trod the Path of Vertue by the Clue of my own Wisdom, without due Reflection or Thanks to the Donor : Which is, as if one should wind up a Watch, and keep it clean, but never set it to the Hour ; by which Means the little Machine is useles, though it goes never so well : So if we perform all moral Vertues, without directing them to Heaven, they prove very little available to our Happiness.

Whether *Bosvil* knew or was informed that his Father would not come, or was impatient of his Delay, I know not ; but he disposed himself to go to his Father, who lived twenty Miles from us, (as before remarked,) tho' my Lover had established himself in our Neighbourhood, both for his Health, as being a most serene Air, and more convenient for his Practice nearer *London*. When he took his Leave of me, he begged me a thousand times to remember him when absent. How is it possible (said he,) that I shall pass this tedious Time without you ? Every Minute I am from you seems an Age. Nothing is grateful,

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nothing satisfactory. When absent, my Senses take Pleasure in nothing but you; even Reason loses her Regency, and I rave on nothing but my absent *Galefia*. Ah! that I might call you truly mine: However, let me flatter myself that I am so far yours, that you will not quite forget me when absent, but pity my Banishment: Pity, and promise to think on me; promise but that, and I shall console myself with that Thought. Our Souls have subtle Ways of corresponding, they converse when these terrestrial Organs know nothing of the Matter: Then breathe a Sigh, and bid it go to your *Bosvil*, it will meet with whole Legions of mine, that will surround it, and bring it safe to my Heart unmixed with other Air; and when you are in your solitary Walks, whisper that you want your *Bosvil*'s Company; and some little waiting Spirit, appointed by my Good Genius to attend you, shall quickly bring it to his Master, and I shall in a Moment, by a secret Inspiration, know my *Galefia*'s Desires, and so be happy at a distance! Then promise me my sweet, my fair, my bright Charmer, this small Consolation: This is the Way by which Souls converse, independent of these heavy Tenements in which they are imprisoned: Promise this, and your *Bosvil* shall not be quite unhappy in these three Weeks Absence; which otherwise

wife would be a *Tadium*. In this manner he took his Leave of me, all which I answered with alternate Smiles, Sighs, and broken Words, scarce containing common Sense.

When he was gone, I thought on him perpetually, I sighed every Moment, I counted the Hours of his Absence as no Part of my Life, wished these tedious three Weeks cut out of the Records of Time, often repeating to myself his Vows and Assurances of everlasting Love, resolving to be no longer cruel to myself and him, but let him know what mighty Sums of Love I had been hoarding up for him since the Moment of our first Interview. O my *Bosvil*, (said I to myself,) I will let thee know how true a Master thou hast been of my Affections; I will beg thy Pardon for all the Pains I have made thee feel by my seeming Indifference, and kindly reproach thee for thy feigned Negligence; and then repair all with infinite Testimonies of everlasting Fidelity, tie myself to the Nuptial Bands, and ratify all by a constant Obedience. Thus a thousand rambling Thoughts, a thousand fond Fancies, agitated my poor young Head and Heart. Sometimes I busied myself with thinking what I should say to his Father, whom I concluded he would bring along with him: I said and unsaid a thousand Things; *this*

Speech I feared betray'd too much Fondness, *that* too little Kindness; *this* seemed too submissive to the Son, *that* not respectful enough to the Father; now I studied what Excuse to make to my Mother, for having so long concealed from her a Matter of such Importance; then, what to say to my Father, for being so ready to leave him for an Husband: Thus I passed my Hours in perpetual Agitation of Mind, Part of which was, what Clothes, what Friends, what Ceremonies should be at this my approaching Marriage.

The tedious three Weeks being elapsed, *Bosvil* came, but not my Lover: He came with greater Coldness and Indifferency than ever; No Ray of Love darted from his Eyes, no Sigh from his Heart, no Smile toward me, nothing but a dusky cold Indifference, as if Love had never shined in his Hemisphere. The Truth is, I took it for Disguise, but could not imagine what should make him put it on; I thought the *Mumming* went too far, when the Masqueraders murdered those they pretended to divert: But to convince me that this was no feigned Indifference, he stay'd several Days at our House, acting this Scene of Inconstancy to Perfection. Much I studied, but could think of nothing that could have disoblighd him; I examined my Words, to find if I had said any thing that might have

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have been affronting at his Arrival. I consulted my Glass, to see if my Person was changed in those fatal three Weeks; I reflected on all Things, from the Beginning to the End, but could find nothing whereof to accuse myself: Sometimes in my Thoughts I confronted his past Kindness with his present Coldness; his passionate Speech, Looks, and Gestures, with his Neglect, Coldness, and Indifferency; one raised my Hopes above *Ela*, the other cast my Despair below *Gamut*. Thus I ran Divisions in my Fancy, which made but harsh Musick to my Interior. Methought I remembered the Sisters in Hell, whom the Poets feign to catch Water in a Sieve.

Now, whether this Affliction was laid on me by the immediate Hand of Heaven, or that Fate, or my unhappy Constellations produced it by secondary Causes, I knew not, but Innocence was my Consolation; for I had nothing wherewith to reproach myself; I had acted justly and honourably toward him: He could not upbraid me with Coyness or Kindness; for though I had squared my Actions by the exact Rules of Vertue and Modesty, yet I did not exclude Civility and Good-nature; for I always stay'd in his Company, heard him, laughed, fooled, and jested with him; yet not so freely as to transgress Good-Manners, or break Respect on either Side;

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all which might assure a Person less judicious than himself, that neither his Person nor Proposals were disagreeable. All these Considerations served to render his Coldness the more surprizing; but it pleased God to have it thus. *Bosvil*, perhaps, was my Idol, and rival'd Heaven in my Affections: That I might say to him as *Cowley* to his Mistress,

*Thou ev'n my Pray'rs dost steal from me;
For I with wild Idolatry,
Begin to God, and end 'em all with Thee.*

This Vicissitude in my Affairs made me reflect on those Verses in my Dream, or rather Vision, which said, *Hymen and Fortune are thy Foes*: In which I endeavoured to be resigned, and bring my Thoughts and Inclinations to a true Submission to the Will of Heaven; though it is a Grief extremely hard to bear, to find one's self thus abandoned in the Flower of Youth, and that by my own Relation, who ought to have sustained me against any false Pretender, according to the Song then in vogue;

*You, of all Men, had least Reason
To mislead my wand'ring Heart;
If another Swain had done it,
Surely you should take my Part: &c.*

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But Things going thus, I endeavoured to detach my Thoughts from him; or, if I must needs think on him, I resolved it should be on his Crimes, Falshood, and cruel Usage; which I put in Practice; so that by degrees his Company began to grow troublesome, and his Presence ungrateful. Yet could I not avoid either; for I had no Reason to quarrel with him, unless for not courting me as formerly; and that was turning the Tables, and making myself the Lover, instead of the Beloved; which was not only contradictory to my haughty Humour, but seemed in a manner to invert Nature. Nevertheless, I forced myself to bear it, with a seeming Equality of Mind, 'till a fit Occasion should offer for my Revenge; like the Quaker, that is smitten on the one Cheek, turns the other also; but after that, having, as he thinks, fulfilled the Law, can beat his Adversary as well as any carnal Man: So I waited but for a Left-Cheek Blow, that might give (at least a seeming) just Cause to quarrel, so as to take Occasion to banish him, his Presence being almost as disagreeable to me as a Spectre; for it is natural enough, that the Cause of Grief should be the Object of Aversion.

I remained full of this Wish many Months; at last, Fortune was a little propitious to

my Desire, at least, I wrested an Occasion to my Caprice, which was this.

Bosvil and another young Gentleman met my Father at a certain Place over a Bottle; here *Bosvil* proposed his Friend to my Father as an Husband for me. All Conditions of Portion and Jointure were there proposed and approved on both Sides, and the Day appointed on which the Gentleman should come to visit me, which was to be the Week following. This my Father told me with Satisfaction, also minding me how much I was obliged to my Cousin *Bosvil*. To which my Answers were few, dubious, and obscure; which passed with my Father for a little Virgin Surprise, which Discourses of this Kind raise in the Hearts of young Creatures. But, oh! my *Lucasia*, I cannot tell you what I suffered when I was alone; Rage and Madness seized me, Revenge and Malice was all I thought upon; inspired by an evil Genius, I resolved his Death, and pleased myself in the Fancy of a barbarous Revenge, and delighted myself to think I saw his Blood pour out of his false Heart. In order to accomplish this detestable Freak, I snatch'd up a Steel Rapier, which stood in the Hall, and walk'd away towards the Place of his Abode, saying to myself, The false *Bosvil* shall disquiet me no more, nor any other of my Sex; in him I will end his Race;

Race ; no more of them shall come to disturb or affront Womankind. This only Son shall die by the Hands of me an only Daughter ; and however the World may call it Cruelty, or Barbarity, I am sure our Sex will have Reason to thank me, and keep an annual Festival, in which a Criminal so foul is taken out of their Way. The Example, perhaps, may deter others, and secure many from the Wrongs of such false Traitors, and I be magnified in future Times. For it was for ridding the World of Monsters that *Hercules* was made so great a Hero, and *George* a Saint ; then sure I shall be rank'd in the Catalogue of Heroines, for such a Service done to my Sex ; for certainly, the Deserts of *Arabia* never produc'd so formidable a Monster as this unaccountable *Bosvil*. Behold what Sophisms one can find to justify any Attempt, tho' never so mad or desperate ; and even affront, if not quite reverse the Laws of Nature : That if the Feebleness of our Hands did not moderate the Fury of our Heads, Women, sometimes, would exceed the fiercest Savages, especially when affronted in their Amours ; which brings into my Mind a Verse or two on such an Occasion.

*A slighted Woman oft a Fury grows,
And, for Revenge, quits her Baptismal Vows,
Becomes a Witch, and does a Fiend espouse.*

In these wild Thoughts I wander'd, 'till
 Weariness made me know my own Weak-
 ness and Incapacity of performing what
 Fury had inspired, and forc'd me to seek
 Repose under the first convenient Shade;
 where my flowing Tears mitigated the Heat
 of my Rage, washing away those extrava-
 gant Thoughts, and made me turn my An-
 ger against myself, my wretched self, that
 woful and unworthy Thing, the Scorn of
 my Kinsman, Lover, Friend; which
 Thoughts I branch'd into many Reflections
 against myself, and him, and hard Fortune,
 which at last turn'd to these kind of Words:

*Why was I born, or why a Female born?
 Or why not Piece-meal from my Mother torn?
 Why did I not with Teeth, or Rickets die?
 Or other Accidents of Infancy?
 Or why not lame, Hump-back'd, pock-broken
 Face?
 Or else in Morals infamous and base,
 Or ne'er had Being among human Race?
 Had I been lewd, unfaithful, or unjust,
 To Friend, or Lover, or betray'd my Trust,
 I then might well expect the Lot I have,
 But not for being virtuous, chaste, and grave;*

With many Things more I utter'd of
 this Kind, almost complaining of Provi-
 dence; and wish'd some kind Serpent would
 creep out of its Hole, and sting me to
 Death;

Death ; or Thunder descend, and strike me into the Ground, and at once perform my Death and Funeral. O ! no, (said I,) that will render *Bosvil* too happy : I will go Home, and write the whole Scene of this Treachery, and make myself the last Actor in the Tragedy. With these foolish Thoughts I return'd home very weary : I threw myself on my Bed, where, in a little Time, all my Resentments became a Prey to gentle Slumbers, which much refresh'd my weary Body, and more weary Mind, rendering me a little capable of acting according to the Dictates of Reason, but not without a large Mixture of Passion. When I awak'd, I writ to him after this Manner :

Cousin,

I Thought you had been so well acquainted with my Humour, touching a marry'd Life, as to know it is my Aversion ; therefore wonder you should make such a Proposal to my Father on your Friend's Behalf. Perhaps you will say it was but in Jest, and I believe it to be no more ; but I beg you to make something else the Subject of your Raillery, and leave me out, 'till Misbehaviour renders me the proper Object of Ridicule, which it has not hitherto ; for I have done nothing dishonourable to myself, nor disobliging to you ; therefore ought rather to be the Subject of Civility than Banter, which, perhaps, Distance and Absence may accomplish ; therefore, I beg
you

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*you to see me no more, 'till Fortune commission
you, by the Change of your Condition. In the
mean Time, I remain, your Kinswoman and
humble Servant,*

GALESIA.

In the Simplicity of these Words lay much Cunning, and under the Shadow of Frowardness much Kindness; which I knew he must discern, if he had any real Affection for me in his Heart: For Love is like Ghosts or Spirits, that will appear to those to whom they have a Mind to speak, and to others are quite invisible. I pleas'd myself that I had taken this Occasion, at once to command his Absence, and, in a covert Manner, testify my Affection; for I knew that was the natural Interpretation of these Words, *See me no more*; for nothing but a real Mistress could pretend to use them, and nothing but a fond Mistress could pretend to be displeas'd at the Presence of a Kinsman or a Friend, for having offer'd an advantageous Marriage in the Person of his Friend. Here was now no Medium, no Space left between open Lover and open Enemy; here was no more Love-Frolicks to be acted under the Disguise of a Friend or Kinsman; if he came to me after such a Prohibition, he must come upon the Pikes of my Anger, which he could not pretend to appease by any other Atonement but that

that of his everlasting Love in holy Marriage Vows. If he stay'd away, I had my Ends I had long sought, the being rid of one that gave me so much Disquiet. Thus I satisfy'd myself in Expectation of his Answer, which came next Day in these Words:

Madam,

I Am extremely astonish'd to find you so displeas'd at what pass'd the other Day, which was no Way meant to your Prejudice, but, on the contrary, much to your Advantage. However, Madam, I shall not justify what you are pleas'd to condemn; but add also the Testimony of my Obedience, in submitting to your Prohibition, and not presume to see you more, tho' in it I sequester myself from those Charms I have so long adored, and only at a Distance admire what your Rigour forbids me to approach, and so rest,

M A D A M,

Your Kinsman, and humble Servant,

BOSVIL.

This complying with *See me no more*, gave me the same Satisfaction that a Patient has when his Limbs are cutting off, the Remedy and the Disease being both grievous: However, I knew now what I had to trust to, and therefore study'd to make a Vertue of

of this Necessity, and console myself with patient suffering what I could no ways avoid: I experienced amply the Words of the Sage, That all was Vanity and Vexation of Spirit, and every Act of our Lives Folly, except design'd and offer'd to the Glory of God. I reflected on my late extravagant Rage, when I design'd his Death, and knew I ought to cry most earnestly to be deliver'd from Blood-guiltiness. I retired into myself, and return'd to my Studies; the Woods, Fields, and Pastures, had the most of my Time, by which Means I became as perfect in rural Affairs as any *Arcadian* Shepherdess; insomuch, that my Father gave into my Power and Command all his Servants and Labourers; it was I that appointed them their Work, and paid them their Wages; I put in and put out who I pleased, and was as absolute over my Rusticks, as the *Great Turk* over his Subjects; and tho' this was a great Fatigue, yet it gratify'd my Vanity, that I was supposed able to perform Things above my Age and Sex, and tho' it was an Impediment to my Studies, yet it made Amends, it being itself a Study, and that a most useful one: The Rules to sow and reap in their Season; to know what Pasture is fit for Beeves, what for Sheep, what for Kine, with all their Branches, being a more useful Study than all the Grammar Rules, or Longitude or Latitude;

Latitude, ſquaring the Circle, &c. The former, according to the Utility of his Occupation, deſerves to hold the firſt Rank amongſt Mankind: That one may juſtly reflect with Veneration on thoſe Times, when Kings and Princes thought it no Derogation to their Dignities. The Nobles, in ancient Times, did not leave their Country Seats to become the Habitation of Jackdaws, and the Manufactory of Spiders, who, in Reproach to the Miſtreſs, prepare Hangings, to ſupply thoſe the Moth has devour'd, thro' her Negligence, or Abſence. But to return from whence I digreſs'd. This rural Buſineſs was ſo full of Employment, that its continual Fatigue contributed very much to the Eaſe of my Thoughts touching *Bosvil*, beyond all that Reaſon, Devotion, or Philoſophy could procure. For the conſtant Incumbrance which attended this Station, left no Space for Love to agitate my Interiour: The Labour of the Day was recompens'd with ſound Sleep at Night; thoſe ſilent Hours being paſs'd in Sleep's Reſtorative, the Day provided new Buſineſs for my waking Thoughts, whiſt Health and whoſom Food repaid this my Induſtry. Thus, in a Country Life, we roll on in a Circle, like the heavenly Bodies, our Happineſs being ſeldom eclipsed, unleſs by the Interpoſition of our own Paſſions or Follies: Now, finding myſelf daily to get Ground
of

of my sickly Thoughts, I doubted not of a perfect Recovery, if I continued the constant Application of this wholsom Receipt of laborious Industry, which made me reflect on these Lines of OVID, in his *Remedy of Love*.

*Fly Sloth, if thou wilt Cupid overthrow,
Sloth points his Darts, but Business breaks his
Bow;
Employment to his Flame is Ice and Snow.*

*Cupid and Venus are to Sloth inclin'd,
From Both, in Bus'ness, thou may'st Safety find;
For Love gives Place where Bus'ness fills the
Mind.*

Moreover, that which contributed much to this Victory over myself, was the Return of my Brother from *France*; his dear Company, which I had long wanted, exterminated that Melancholy which had too long perplex'd me; the little Rarities he brought, adorn'd my Person, and garnish'd my Closet; he frequently entertain'd me with Descriptions of Places, and Customs of *France*, in particular, Convents, and their Way of Living, which I so admired, that I wish'd for such Places in *England*; which, if there had been, 'tis certain I had then become a Nun, and under a holy Veil bury'd all Thoughts of *Bosvil*: In this, my dear Brother's

ther's Company, I daily improved my Studies; so that I began a little to understand an Author, of which none pleased me more than those of Physick, in particular, *Harvey*, his *Circulatio Sanguinis*; all which serv'd to fill my Head with Notions, and, perhaps, my Heart with Pride; at best, but a mispending of Time, Learning being neither of Use nor Ornament to our Sex; but on the contrary, many count a studious Woman as ridiculous as an effeminate Man, and learned Books as unfit for our Apartment, as Paint, Washes, and Patches for his: In fine, the Men will not allow it to be our Sphere, so consequently we can never be supposed to move in it gracefully; but like the Toad in the Fable, that affected to swell itself as big as the Ox, and to burst in the Enterprize: But let the World confine or enlarge Learning as they please, I care not; I do not regret the Time I bestow'd in its Company, it having been my good Friend to bail me from *Bosvil's* Fetters, tho' I am not so generous, by Way of Return, to pass my Word for its good Behaviour in our Sex, always, and in all Persons; for sometimes it becomes a Rival to their Duty, deluding them from the Care of their Children and Families, the Business allotted them by the Hand of Heaven.

Now

Now *Bosvil* having been sometime absent, our Family, Friends, and Neighbours, began to take Notice of it, and more especially at my Brother's Return, when every Body came to bid him Welcome, not only the Gentlemen, but even the Ladies, at least to congratulate my Mother on his safe Arrival.

Now it was that his pretended Mistress, the fair Mrs. *Lowland* was married, which you will believe was a certain Satisfaction to me, as Mischief is to Witches, though they get nothing by it; much I long'd to banter and insult him on this Occasion, but his constant Absence deprived me of that Pleasure; however, I could not pass over such a Field of full-ripe Content, without cropping some few Ears: Wherefore I writ him a Letter, in a counterfeit Character, and withal sent him a Willow Garland to crown the forsaken Lover, which, indeed, was so well made of Gum-work, that one might take it for a real Branch of that forsaken Tree. This, with divers other Emblems and Mottos, I sent him to *London* by the Carrier.

How he received this I know not, neither did I care; but I was told afterwards, That he laughed, and told his Companions what a pretty Present he had received from an unknown Hand, and withal, that he would secure himself from such Attacks
by

by his ſpeedy Marriage; and accordingly proceeded with a young Gentlewoman at *London*: And at his Return, acquainted his Friends, and in particular, a young Gentlewoman, one of our Relations, who with many others, miſtruſted him of an Amour with me; but I not having told her of it, who was in all Things elſe my Conſidant, ſhe laid aſide that Thought, eſpecially now ſince he declared to her his approaching Nuptials: However, ſhe and every Body were amazed at his long Abſence from our Houſe, and asked him the Cauſe; to which he answered indirectly, and with divers Shuffles, but the vertuous *Towriſſa* (our ſaid Couſin) preſſed him from Time to Time, till he, no longer able to reſiſt her Importunities, told her that his Couſin *Galeſia* had forbid him; at which ſhe was much ſurprized, but ſaid it ſhould not reſt ſo, for (ſaid ſhe) I will have you go to her this very Day along with me, that I may obtain the Bleſſing of a Peacemaker. He complied with her, and came to make me a Viſit. Our Interview, after a whole Year's Abſence, was ſurpriſing to us both; for we trembled, bluſhed, and faltered in our Words, that it was with the utmoſt Difficulty we performed the Civilities of the Occaſion. After being ſeated, I remember he gazed with all the Eagrneſs, or rather Diſtraction, of youthful Eyes

Eyes instigated by a tender Passion, which so dazled and confounded me, that I was every Moment afraid I should sink down in the midst of the Company, who sat talking of Things indifferent: Having, for some Time, thus planted the Batteries of our Eyes against each others Hearts, he gave the first Shot by a deep Sigh, saying, O cursed Love, that will never leave a Man! and rose from his Seat, as it were, to disperse those Vapours which seemed to oppress him; to which I replied, (foolishly enough, with a feigned Laugh, to stifle a real Sigh) that I hoped he had no Reason to complain of Love's Tyranny, Yes, yes, said our Cousin *Towrissa*, know you not that our Cousin *Bosvil* is shortly to be married, so thinks every Moment a Martyrdom till the Day arrives? Therefore, dear Cousin (continued she) get your Dancing-shoes if you mean to be a Bride-maid, ready. To which my Mother gravely answered, That it must needs be a Satisfaction to his Parents, to see their only Child well settled in the World.

What a Shock this Discourse gave me, I cannot describe, but 'tis certain I never felt any Thing like it: Behold now, my *Lucasia*, what was become of all my Resolutions and fancied Indifferency; see what all my Anger, Fury, Scorn and Revenge, prohibiting him to see me, the fancied Satisfaction

tisfaction I took in his Absence; behold, I say, what all this came to, even just as much as the Lord *Rochester* says of Court Promises, and Whores Vows, which all *end in Nothing*; so these my Resolutions were all meer Phantoms, composed of Vapours, and carryed about with Fancy, and next Day reduced to nothing; but thus it is in most Things of human Life, we know not ourselves and our own Incapacities; we think ourselves able to perform this or that, or to look even Death in the Face, and when we have most Need of our imaginary Fortitude, we find ourselves most destitute and feeble, as I experienced in this Rencontre; for I was ready to die in the Place but durst not remove, fearing my Legs should fail me, which I perceived all in Convulsions and Trembling: I was like a Horse in a Stable on Fire, burnt if he stays, yet dares not go out: At last, holding by the Tables and Chairs, with feigned Smiles in my Face, and jocose Words in my Mouth, I made a Shift to pass the Gantlet, and got into my Chamber, where God only was Witness of my Complaints, and Succour in the Midst of my Sighs and Tears. I threw myself on the Bed, rolled on the Floor, hoped that every Cramp I felt would be my Death's Convulsion, uttered a Thousand Imprecations against him and my hard Fortune,
and

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and, contrary to that Philosopher, who
thanked the Gods that made him a Man
and not a Beast; I say, quite contrary to
him, over and over, I thus expostulated,

*O wheresoe was I born of human Race,
If doomed to labour under such Disgrace:
For what is more disgraceful to a Maid,
Than to be scorned like Me, like Me be-
trayed?*

*'Tis Heav'n alone my Innocence can know,
The World can ne'er believe that I am so;
But Heav'n knows all, and knows my virtuous
Soul*

*Does every vicious Act of Love controul;
Knows the just Schemes of my intended Life,
To be the chaste, the chearful, faithful Wife:
A virtuous Matron to my Houshold good,
A helpful Neighbour in my Neighbourhood.
With hospitable Table, open Door,
One for my Friends, the other for the Poor.
To teach my Family to lead good Lives,
And chiefly teach my Maids to make good
Wives.*

*In doing which, a gen'ral Good I do;
When Wives are good, they make good Hus-
bands too,
Thus by Degrees, Mankind wou'd all be so.
But Hell, or Fate, sure, plot to undermine,
To baffle me in ev'ry just Design,
And mark me out the Jest of Human Kind.
There goes the fond, but scorn'd, Galefia.*

That's

That's she whose Beauty lately made such
 Noise,
 Among the Inns o'-Court and College Boys,
 And made the Gallants their dear Town
 despise,
 Behold her now, dejected and Forlorn,
 The Object of each Country Ploughman's Scorn.
 To bear this said, what Flesh and Blood
 can bear?
 O no, myself I will in Pieces tear,
 And first begin with my dishvel'd Hair.

After this Hurricane, and divers Gusts of Sighs and Tears, I began to flatter my Fancy that all this might be a Composition like that of *Lowland*, who was now actually married to another Man; and when by this Means the Torments of my distorted Mind were a little appeased, I endeavoured to clear my Countenance, washed my Face, took the Air at the Window, and came down to the Company; some Time pass'd in Discourse of Things indifferent, and then *Bosvil* took Leave, and went that Evening to his Father's House.

Towrissa stay'd to bear me Company, and was my Bedfellow that Night, the greatest Part of which we pass'd in Discoursing of *Bosvil*; she relating to me how seriously he had told her and her Mother of his intended Marriage, together with all the Circumstances of Portion and Jointure

ture, Description of the Lady's Person and Family, &c. That there was no Place left for Doubt, for any one but me, who had the Eyes of my Understanding shut and sealed up by the former Farce he had acted about Mrs. *Lowland*; nevertheless, I suffered great Distractions in my Mind; and when Length of Prattle had lulled *Towrisa* asleep, I refreshed my weary Spirits with weeping.

After two or three Days, the News came that *Bosvil* was sick of a violent Fever, even so bad that all despaired of his Life. This was a new Stroke of Fortune, and she was armed with a Weapon against which I had never contended; I grieved, and at the same Time was angry with myself for grieving: Ah, foolish *Galefia*, (said I to myself) Ah, silly Girl, to grieve for him who deserves thy Scorn and Hatred, for him that has robbed thee of thy Quiet three whole Years, for him that swore to love thee, that languished and dyed at thy Feet, expressly to make thee miserable; for him that obstructed the Amours of the first and second *Brafort*, that thy Ruin might be the more compleat; for him that was treated by thy hospitable Parents, more like their own Child than an Adventitious Guest, by which Means the Traitor had Opportunity to steal away the Heart of their only Daughter! And is it possible

possible that thou shouldst grieve for such a Wretch as him? One that Heaven has now marked with its just Vengeance, and has sent this Sickness as a Scourge to his Falseness. But notwithstanding all this, I must grieve and pray for him: Which I am sure I did with more Earnestness than ever I did for my own Soul; in which I did but pay a Devotion which he had advanced; for he has often assured me, that he offered me up daily in his Prayers; the Consideration of which holy Kindness made me redouble my Request to Heaven to spare his Life, tho', at the same Time, I had much rather he should have Died, than not live Mine. However, I did not pretend to capitulate with the Almighty, but asked his Life in general Terms, without including or excluding his Person, which, by Intervals, I hoped might yet one Day be mine; for I still soothed my Fancy that he loved me, and that the Sight of me, after so long an Absence, was the sole Cause of this his Illness: and then made wild Resolutions to visit him, fancied myself there, figured to myself the Transports of Joy he would be in, to see me so kind; imagined his Father and Mother embraced me as their own Child; then immediately drawing the Curtain, beheld myself rejected by them, as the Plague of their Family, perhaps refused and slighted by

I

him

him, rebuked and wondered at for my coming, scorned and laughed at by all the World, severely treated by my Parents, or perhaps put out of Hopes of ever seeing them again; for I very well believed there was no Medium after such an Exploit, between being received by his Parents, and abandoned by my own: And for me to have proposed this Visit to them, I knew was vain, having no Pretence to justify the Request; the whole Amour having been a continued Act of Folly on the one Side, and Treachery on the other; and the last Scene a Declaration of Scorn instead of Kindness, he having owned in the Presence of my Mother and other Friends, his Design of marrying another; and then repeat in my Thoughts all his Crimes, and with my best Malice enlarge upon his Treachery, Falshood, and Cruelty, look upon him dead by the Hand of Heaven, just and good in taking him away from a Possibility of accomplishing his Perjury in this his pretended Marriage; then in an Instant turn over the Leaf, and read him dead; dead as my faithful Lover, recount all our tender Words and Actions that had passed in our three Years Conversation; blame all my feigned Indifferency and forced Coldness towards him; fancied he thought on me in his Agony, and named me with his dying Breath; believe

lieve I saw his much-grieved Parents cursing me as the Author of their Affliction, and after a Thousand of these Tragical Notions, which presented themselves to my distracted Imagination, my Fancy would open another Scene, and make me think I saw him alive, and happy in the Arms of his *London* Mistress, living in all the Felicity that a happy Espousal could procure. Thus my Thoughts played at Racket, and seldom minded the Line of Reason; my Mind laboured under a perpetual shaking Palsy of Hope and Fear; my whole Interiour was nothing but Distraction and Uncertainty. At last I resolved to send a Messenger secretly, to know how he did; in which I did a great Penance for all the proud Actions of my Life, not only in shewing that kind Concern for him, but a greater Difficulty yet, which was, to be obliged to a Servant, in making him the Confidant of this Secret. However, this Occasion made me do Violence to my Nature, and engaged one of my Father's Men to go secretly on this Errand: But first I ordered him to go to *Bosvil's* own Dwelling, which was near us, and there enquire after his Health; and if there he heard of his being better, than to go no farther, otherwise, to make the best of his Way to his Father's. The Man performed my Orders exactly, and hearing at this

Place that he was something better, went no farther; with which I remained satisfied, 'till Time brought him to our House perfectly recovered. But, ah, this Recovery was a Death to all my Hopes; for the first Use he made of his new-restored Health, was to go marry his Mistress at *London*; making our House in his Way, and me the Auditor of that horrid News; which at first shock'd me, but I had been so often put upon by false Alarms, that I was now grown like the Countrymen to the Shepherds in the Fable, who, when the Wolf really came, stirred not, having been often deluded by the Shepherds, and called without Occasion; for I thought it impossible that he could come to tell me such News to my Face. But what is most astonishing, I have been told since, that in his Sickness he gave all he had to me, and recommended me to his Parents as their own Child, and they promised him to receive me as such. Now, after all this, to go, directly after his Sickness, and be married to another, is a Transaction most unaccountable. . But I knew nothing of this at that Time, for I was told it afterwards, and that he had been extremely concerned on my Account in this his Sickness. However, ignorant as I was of these Circumstances, I did not in the least believe that his going to *London*, when he
 passed

passed by our House, was to be married, but looked upon it as a meer Jest or Banter such as was that of Mrs. *Lowland*, and others; wherefore, I could not pass over this Subject of Frolick or Mirth, without adding to the Jest, and as I had sent him a Willow Garland, on the Marriage of Mrs. *Lowland*, so now I sent him a pretty Pair of Horns, neatly made of Bugles, by which I meant to joke and banter him on his pretended Marriage; but, alas, it proved more than a Pretence, and the Horns came to him just upon his Wedding-Day, in the Presence of his Bride and all the Company; as also several Emblems and Mottos on that Subject, the Horns being fastened on a Head-band, as a sovereign Remedy for the Head-ach, to which married Men are often very subject, especially those who marry Town-Coquets; all which, I protest, was without any malicious Intent, not thinking in the least that he was really about Marriage, but only designed to render Jest for Jest, believing his Discourse of Marriage had only been a Banter, such as that of Mrs. *Lowland*, and the rest before-mentioned.

Now tho' all this came from an unknown Hand, no Question but he believed it came from me; and by his Behaviour I concluded as much, for he always avoided my Presence, and shunned my Company as much

as possible, almost to the Breach of common Civility, by which I fancied I was the Object of his Averſion; tho' a Conſidant of his, aſſured me of the contrary, and that *Bosvil* had told him, 'That Love had taken ſuch deep Root in his Soul, that in ſpight of all his Efforts, even Marriage it ſelf, he could not eradicate it, and therefore avoided my Preſence, becauſe he could not ſee me with Indifferency; moreover, he told him what Conſlicts he underwent during his Sickneſs; but on his Recovery, finding that I had taken no Notice of him, he reſolved to ſhake off thoſe Fetters, and abandon one that had never ſhewed any Kindneſs to him, but treated him always with ſuch an Air of Indifference, as ſeemed rather the Effect of Prudence than Affection; and that he had invented that Story of Mrs. *Lowland* to try if Jealouſy would work upon me, but all my Conduct had been with Caution and Circumſpection, quite different from Paſſion or Tenderneſs; that he thought, (with others) that all Amorous Inclinations were buried with *Braſfort*, and that he could never hope farther than for a ſecond Place in my Affections. How far this was ſincere or pretended, I know not, but I rather think he ſet it up as a Screen to his own Falſhood; for the meeſt Dunce in the School of Love could not but ſpell Affection in all theſe three Years Transactions,

Transactions, especially in this Age, where Men are apt to interpret Things in favour of themselves, and believe Women forwarder than they really are, taking Civilities for Affection, and Affection for Passion; but he thought fit to give an Overturn, perhaps to hide his Falshood from the Sight of my Friends, and the rest of the World, by laying the Blame on me; which Way he meant it I know not, but I may justly say to myself, with Mr. *Crawley*,

*Three of thy loveliest Years
Were toss'd in Storms of Hopes and Fears.*

But to conclude he was married at *London*, and brought Home his Bride. Now it was that I was forced to act the Part of patient *Grizel*, and go, with other Relations, to bid her Welcome, throw the Stocking, eat Sack-Poffet, and perform all the Farce of a well pleased Kinswoman, invite her to our House, Prepare Dinners and Treats for her, and in all Things seem easy and satisfied: All which I was constrained to do, or lay my Disgrace open to all the World.

Thus, my *Lucasia*, I have brought you to the Confines of this Part of my Story; how far I may stand justified or condemned in your Thoughts I know not, but I do not remember any thing in which I can
accuse

accuse myself, even now that I am free from Passion, and capable to make a serious Reflection.

The only Thing (replied *Lucasia*) that I blame you for, is, that you did not consult your Mother, whose Wisdom might have found out a Way to have accommodated Things to all your Satisfaction. Alas, answered *Galefia*, I often reflected on that, but thought it either his Business, or his Parents, to discover it to mine, and always expected such an Address; for If I had told my Father or Mother, I should but have embarrassed them in a difficult Affair, for, it ill befitted them to proffer their Daughter in Marriage, and it would be disagreeable, to leave me to struggle with my own Passion, and his Pretences, without taking any Notice; these Considerations made me let it remain a Secret, in Expectation of their making the Discovery. Nevertheless, I now believe it to be the safest and most commendable Way in any the like Case; and if I was to act the Part over again, I should certainly proceed on that Footing; for, in so doing my Duty, I hope for a good Event from the Hand of Providence, for I believe wiser Heads than mine would have been puzzled in so difficult a Case, and found enough to do to pass through such a Labyrinth as *Bosvil's* subtile

tile Turnings had composed: But whenever we take Vertue for our Guide, God and our good Angels helps us through; and altho' we meet with many Rubs to make us stumble or reel, yet the good Hand of Providence is ready to lend Support, that we shall not fall into Ruin or Confusion.

F I N I S.

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